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OCTOBER, NOVEMBER,
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The CHANNEL

An International Quarterly of Occultism,
Spiritual Philosophy of Life, and the
Science of Superphysical Facts

EDITORS
MARIE RUSSAK VANCE THOMPSON

Science of Occult Healing
The Physical Basis of Dreams
A Vision of Peace and War
The Miracle Man of Chino

For full Contents, see inside cover.

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MARIE RUSSAK VANCE THOMPSON

This is a magazine of occultism, spiritual philosophy of life, and the science of superphysical facts. It has no official connection with any sect, society or creed. Its aim is to present truth and its hope is to collaborate with serious investigators in all domains of thought.

Science of Occult Healing

By Marie Russak

Introductory

An ancient legend with much beauty of imagery tells us of a wonderful, luminous pearl that was taken from the world and dropped into the unfathomable depths of an enveloping ocean. Its brilliance was thus lost for ages. At last a winged host of faithful birds from many regions, instead of waiting for time to dry up the ocean, carried away the water in their bills drop by drop with ever increasing patience and persistence. Thus was the long lost gem recovered amid universal rejoicing.

The imagery of this legend echoes the story of your divine birth and progress, and mine, too, friend and reader. In an ocean of enveloping Omnipresence the priceless gem of Omniscience is hidden within you and me and we have been endowed with a sufficiency of latent Omnipotence to enable us to carry away before us, drop by drop the separating sea of ignorance that lies between us and the priceless jewel of spiritual Wisdom. This is our divine heritage and

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it will eventually and naturally be ours when the demands of involution, being sufficiently satisfied, the consummatory and spiritual processes of evolution will be possible to us.

But you and I are not waiting for time's sequence of events to bring us the necessary alchemical experiences to bestow upon us the gift of wisdom. We are no longer evolving unconsciously, but consciously. We are striving to delve deeper than those beatific experiences of *mysticism* which so long have satisfied the stage of progress when emotion, while dominating the intelligence, seeks to lift us from the lower to the higher, and does it, too, in flaming ecstacies. But at this later stage we wish to add the scientific experiences of *occultism*, that they may raise us higher still in bliss and register in the realms of reason, with intuitions seal upon them, the truths which we have learned. Thus shall we *become* the perfect Wisdom which is eternal, not only posses knowledge which is ephemeral.

The intensity and one-pointedness of our will to know, the courage of our convictions and the unselfishness of our purpose, are the things upon which depend the time it will require for us to attain our heritage of perfect Wisdom. It is not to be gained in a little while, a few years, a lifetime or even in a few lives. It requires an eternity of time and I feel sure that even when we shall have become worthy to stand face to face, after the long ages of the 'glass darkly,' we shall let fall our glance feeling our ignorance and imperfections. Realizing this we should probably grow discouraged because of our limitations and imperfect faculties, were there not so much joy in striving and in the ideal we cherish of serving others. The facts which we are to consider together, I have searched for and studied for many, many years; and now the science of occultism is to me such a natural, practical and helpful thing, that my heart and mind overflow into The Channel. I hope that other serious students may be glad to make use of these facts, which have made my life stream on with such surety and understanding of the laws of being.

My dear reader, in our study together I hope we may come close in sympathetic and personal relationship. I shall speak frankly and hope you will receive it in the spirit in which it is offered. The student who is earnest and conscientious and whose life is consecrated to the service of

humanity, need not fear misunderstanding and ridicule in these days, when there is such a keen, universal desire to come closer to nature's laws and work with them, while bringing the intelligence and reason to bear upon the problems which confront us.

In the Middle Ages, the occultist took for his motto: "To will, to dare, to do and to keep silent," the last dictum being necessary to protect his life from ridicule and to save his head from the scaffold. But now his motto reads otherwise. For the occultist of today the scaffold is no longer erected and he has lost the fear of ridicule; above all he is ordered to assist in the dissemination of truth for the helping of humanity. Therefore he forgets himself and wills, dares, does—and speaks, fearing naught.

We shall study first the interesting subject of occult healing. The time has come when we must try to reach to the outermost circle of vague healing generalities and bring them into a center of scientific and particular application. We must study the laws and forces which lie on the inner planes of nature and which we use consciously or unconsciously in our healing endeavors. It seems to me that persons are very unwise in using healing power without understanding what they are doing and the *nature of the forces they are using.* It is my hope to describe these forces to you and to suggest a more rational and practical method of their application. I do not think we can know each other too well since we are thus to work together, and our motive must be pure—the hope of more eflectually alleviating the world's pain. So I trust you will let me tell you how long I have been interested in the subject and what I have learned while studying it.

Let us go back to my childhood, when I was already suffering 'growing pains' — perhaps you were too. If we have made early history of an approximately similar kind, we shall be sympathetic students, and please let me find you also possessed of a ready sense of humor, for I believe that to be a necessary qualification for those pursuing our special line of study. It is such a good crutch upon which our commonsense can lean and balance itself, as we go hobbling along our difficult road. It is not just for people to think it necessary that the occultist be a gloomy, wierd, peculiar person, aloof from the practical paths or joys of life. The

true occultist is other. He is not the strange, fantastic person whose reputation needs to be defended by long dishevelled hair, if he be a man; or, if a woman, short-cropped and unkempt locks and garments of an antiquated or strange pattern. These things are more prevalent in the false or pseudo-occultist who must attract attention by unusual outer things, because lacking the inner graces of intelligence and order, of which the outer is ever the reflection. A witty friend calls him the *mockultist*; his prose-tragedy unsmiling countenance, punctuated with large round mysterious eyes and far-away expression, fails to be a mask to those who understand such types and who know that there is nothing to warrant such an appearance on the part of anyone.

Another great obstacle to the study of occultism is an awesome fear of what is mistakenly called supernatural. There is nothing supernatural in the whole scheme of things. Super-physical yes, but even so, very tangible and real, with practical laws governing it, which we can understand and obey. The true occultist is beyond the stage of evolution where one works out his 'salvation with fear and trembling', or thinks that 'fear is the beginning of wisdom'. The savage *does* feel a superstitutious terror of what appears to him as the super-natural since he lacks intelligence; with him terror exists as a punitive agent and moral necessity to awak his sense of good and evil. But knowledge removes from our life structure, the scaffolding of fear which has been unconsciously erected about it during these earlier stages of evolution. And at present we shall build with confidence, working out our 'salvation' in minds and hearts where will and love have supplanted awesome fear and trembling.

Let us again turn to my childhood days of which I spoke a few minutes ago. Did your early life, as mine, have various cycles which opened and for a time enveloped an all-absorbing subject, and then closed up tight again, mercilessly ruled by time and circumstance? One of these disclosed the subject of healing to my yearning childish heart and groping mind, when I was barely eight.

There is a vivid memory of a day when I returned from Sunday school after hearing for the first time of Christ's miracles of healing. These were the details of His life that spoke the most appealingly to my imagination as I thought

of the marvelous results of His ministering love and felt the love, reverence and gratitude of those who were healed. I fled to a corner of the garden in my father's home and threw myself down on the grass under an apple tree, almost beside myself with joy. My childish mind painted endless pictures of those wondrous miracles—the crowds that followed Christ, the suffering throngs of people who desired to be healed and the demonstrations of gratitude and reverence by those who had been made whole. Finally, by the sheer bursting of my heart, I was forced to talk to someone about it all. I rushed into the lap of my dear father—my confidant and friend—and seizing him by the lapels of his coat and bumping my forehead against his breast, I cried: "Tell me how Christ healed! Tell me quick for I *must* know so that I can cure Julia's measles." Julia was my five year old idol sister. My father's astonishment had time to subside during my repeated demand. Then I breathlessly waited for the explanation, feeling sure that it would come from one so wise as he; "My child, only One as holy as the Christ can heal the sick as he did." What a disappointing blow to my enthusiasm! The flood-gates of my childish emotion were let loose and the tears fell in torrents for a long time. The agony of my discouragement lasted far into the next day; but little by little my hope returned and stealthily, with deep determination, I laid a plot, resolving to cure Julia in spite of everything. I felt somehow, somewhere that I could accomplish it, and that father *must* have been mistaken when he said that only Christ could heal.

The greater part of the following day was spent in suppressed excitement with many pilgrimages to the apple-tree, while renewing courage to carry out my plan. I told no one of it fearing ridicule if it were known. From my little Bible I read over and over again the healing miracles and about Christ raising Lazarus from the dead. I said aloud many times the prayer, "Father I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me," but my mind was too ignorant to understand the secret of the occult power in those words. Then I crept softly through the garden to a side door, and into Julia's room where she lay sleeping. I slipped under her little crib and began shrieking: "Get up Julia! Get up Julia! Carry your crib to father and tell him you are well. Take up your crib and walk!" Over and over I screamed the

words. A whole harvest of mustard seeds of faith was in that cry. I paused in breathless suspense waiting for her to obey me. Alas! the miniature mountains of measles did not remove themselves one bit but were deaf to my command. Julia did not get up, but with a loud scream covered up her little head in fright. I saw her thus instead of being healed, as my dear father hauled me out by my heels and carried me away to his room. Truly the most discouraging lessons are often those learned through our failures, but they also frequently test the strength of our purpose.

In great contrition I confessed to him my doubts of his assurance that only Christ could heal and that I had determined to try it myself. I told him it did not seem right for God to allow so much illness, suffering and death in the world and yet give only *one* person the power to heal them; I did not believe Him so unjust and therefore I determined to go about curing people myself. Never shall I forget the expression of yearning sadness on that loved face as he tenderly made me understand that such a thing was impossible for me, that God had not revealed the mysteries of healing to us and that we must not question His wisdom for keeping us in ignorance.

Oh! the resentment my sad, devoted childish heart cherished towards the One who would keep anything secret from my father. For days I could not be induced to say my bedside prayer. My youthful reasoning heaped up such a pile of evidence against the justice of an all-loving creator that my father found considerable difficulty in answering satisfactorily the heretical attacks of my young mind and heart. Finally he pleaded an alibi. Holding me close to his heart he suggested that by prayer we would endeavor to make God understand that we desired Him to take us more into His confidence, and in order sufficently to give vent to my pent-up feelings he allowed me to find fault with God for His apparent selfishness in keeping all these things to Himself, when the world needed them so much. Then, in the days that followed, he gradually led me back to a more becoming attitude of reverential supplication. So we prayed on through long years, with hopes high and minds confident.

Friend, do not think me egotistical when I say that the prayer was answered. Little by little I have been able

through study and persistent endeavor to erase from my mind and heart that pile of evidence against divine justice which was stored up in my childhood's irreverent ignorance. Not only that but in its place there has been heaped up a far greater mass of facts to the contrary. This has convinced me that the Divine laws of life are just, especially when considered from the viewpoint and experience of the occultist who is constantly using them and testing their justice and efficiency.

Occult healing is one of the branches of work wherein it is possible to test these laws fully. My researches have produced results which are indisputable and this has been true of many earnest students besides myself. Moreover, knowledge of these laws places the power to heal on a much more accurate basis of scientific application than would otherwise be possible. Twenty-five years of studying it and other occult subjects have resulted in steadily increasing my enthusiasm and interest. Also it is such a joy to have proven that superstition, fatalism, agnosticism and atheism have no true bases of facts, but exist only as the offspring of ignorance.

In subsequent chapters I shall outline a rational method of healing based upon the practical and scientific application of occult law. But first let me review the results of personal experiences gained while studying Christian Science, New Thought, Suggestion, Psychology, Mental Science, Psychoanalysis and Psycho-diagnosis, and many other philosophies. This review is necessary for the purposes of study, comparison and analysis. It will not be made in a spirit of unkind criticsm, as that is against my principles, but in the effort to understand truth in whatever form it may be found.

CHAPTER I.

Various Methods of Healing

Shortly after the incidents described in the Introduction, the exigencies of education closed effectually the short healing cycle of my childhood. Then followed the preparation for college, and it was not until graduation was over that another cycle brought me into touch with the same subject. At this time I was no longer living in California,

but in Boston, where there was a great deal of excitement and curiosity prevalent, concerning the activities of several of the societies of mental healing, and especially about Christian Science, of which Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy was the founder. This condition re-awakened the memories of my earlier interest in the subject and I resolved to meet some of the leaders. This was easily accomplished, and after witnessing some remarkable cures, I determined to study it myself and entered a class in Christian Science.

Some time later I had the privilege of paying a number of visits to Mrs. Eddy at Concord, New Hampshire, and of hearing several of her dissertations on the power of the mind as a spiritual agent. She was a woman of great refinement and charm, possessing an impelling personality and a brilliant mind as hard as flint. Her will was so strong that sometimes when she spoke with her usual conviction and power, I feared it might rush out from the depths of her flashing eyes, and, while bursting them to bits, sweep us away to the antipodes. But it was her large heart and ready sympathy that held her followers close to her and gained for her the name of 'Mother'.

In the subsequent months I studied earnestly and enthusiastically the beautiful ethics of her teachings, as applied to the duties of daily life and to the improvement of character. Striving with untiring energy I put them to practical use and found them very satisfactory indeed. The exercises in mind control and concentration were exceedingly useful; these practices stood me in good stead when they were added to other methods, during my later occult researches, that required the complete inhibition of the mind from its relation with any former idea or habits of thought, which might prove prejudicial to accurate investigation.

The Christian Science rules obtaining in the simple duties of daily life and in the culture and control of the mind, were to me the most beautiful and appealing in Mrs. Eddy's philosophy, and it was encouraging to the greatest degree to observe the ennobling influence they brought to very large numbers of people. She convinced her world of followers of the *reality* of the power of mind and the great benefits that its control conferred upon one's environment and especially upon the health of the body. Its practice lift-

ed thousands of people out of pessimism and despair into optimism and confidence, who were thus of themselves, able to demonstrate the truth of Christ's words: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." It is my belief that the accomplishment of this mission was sufficient to enroll Mrs. Eddy's name among those of the most remarkable reformers of the last century.

In the Christian Science class of which I was a member, we were first taught several lessons in ethics and in Bible study; these were followed by a more advanced branch of its canons—that of healing practice. At that time my experience was too inadquate to enable me to apply to that branch the maturer judgment and analysis gained in later years. But of that anon. In the beginning of our lessons we were not told that the study of books on other healing methods was prohibited, so I spent much time in the public library searching for references. I found a helpful book by one of the leaders of another healing sect, and upon returning to the class, took the book with me and explained to the leader how helpful I had found it. She replied by reproving me severely and told us that the followers of Mrs. Eddy were not permitted to read other books than hers, nor must they attend classes and lectures of other cults. Managing to conceal my disappointment, I apologized for a blunder made in ignorance of the rule which I respected until the end of the course. We were also informed that we should not be allowed to practice healing without remuneration.

These restrictions to my intellectual and personal liberty caused the one cloud in the heaven of this enjoyable time and it daily grew more lowering. When I met other friends interested in healing, they would ask me if I had read this or that splendid book, or had attended this or that brilliant lecture by some well-known authority. Finally the storm-cloud of my restriction burst in a torrent of indignation and I rushed off to hear a lecture by one of the leaders whom I had heard loudly praised. Strangely enough, she voiced her objections to the things which I also resented and warmly defended the rights of intellectual and personal freedom. She praised the good work the Christian Science movement was doing, but outlined what seemed to me at that time such a broad and comprehensive platform of healing, that my heart and mind at once sprang forward to take their place upon it.

That day marks the true starting point of my deeper researches in mental therapeutics. I had already discovered that the majority of devotees of mental science were emotionally carried away by the great mass of phenomena they had witnessed, but that they had not, as yet, taken any serious intellectual interest in its *scientific interpretation.* They possessed sufficicnt faith to pray for health and after receiving it, remained emotionally exalted, grateful for the gift and went on their way rejoicing. They were content to remain in what they believed to be unity with the divine spirit, little dreaming that their unity (which was beautiful so far as it went) was only such as is found on the emotional plane of exaltation; they did not realize that the true union could only take place when the plane of the emotions, being transcended, reason and love, are enabled to consummate the complete divine union. So I resolved not to allow my own grateful feelings and high spirits to confound my ideal for the greater unity. I was not deterred from recognizing the necessity for adding scientific explanation to this beautiful and mystical philosophy, in order the more rapidly to attain that ideal.

The earlier studies in Christian Science enabled me the more readily to appreciate and participate in the work of several other healing societies, as they were all more or less founded on the same lines of application and fundamental truths. Then followed three years of experience in both study and healing practice, which contributed a considerable store of facts as a basis upon which I could work. They demonstrated absolutely that the will, acting as a lever upon the forces at work and while using the mind and emotions as its instruments, produced the healing phenomena which we witnessed—many of them being little short of miracles.

One young woman had not been able to walk for many years without crutches, but after a few treatments she no longer needed them—she was healed. The child of a friend was cured of St. Vitus's dance after three treatments. A gentleman was healed of deafness, another of a chronic internal trouble, to say nothing of the large numbers of other people who were relieved of all sorts of ailments. The most remarkable case was that of a young lady who was healed of almost total blindness. There was no disputing the fact

that the various diseases responded almost unfailingly in the majority of cases though many of them were not premanent. I myself was able to heal in many instances, being especially successful with the diseases of children and with nervous troubles. It was a time filled great joy and thankfulness.

But there was also another side to the story—the disappointments and perplexities at the failures to cure. Frequently in spite of persistent efforts, a case would not yield at all, though an identical one would respond at once. Then, too, if a bone happened to be fractured, my commonsense told me that a surgeon was needed, but the orthodox practitioners refused to allow one to be called. Again, in tyhoid fever, some cases were not reported to the Health Department and there was not only great danger of contagion, but it actually occurred. Many other instances of like nature, and with even more serious outcome, demonstrated unquestionably the fact that our healing methods were far from infallible. In truth, they often led to worrisome dangers and to results which were far too grave to be ignored. Eventually we were compelled to admit our inability to discriminate between right and wrong practice, or to judge the extent of our moral accountability for practising without more definite knowledge.

At times the press published some scathing denunciations of the extremes to which people were wont to go and what it considered the crimes committed by mental healers. I could not help feeling that there was some justification for its attitude, as I myself was continually protesting against those same extremes. This newspaper publicity caused the saner and more resaonable devotees to suffer unjustly from humiliation and unmerited accusations. It was not just that all should be called upon to endure the misjudgment and ridicule caused by the unbalanced conduct and actual folly on the part of a few fanatics. Let me cite one or two cases:

A man who had fractured his knee in an accident refused medical assistance (being himself a healer) or to go to bed, but continued to walk about while suffering the most excruciating pain. Now and then between groans he would say: "Pain is error! I am one with harmony. Pain is error. I am well." Two days later he was so much worse that his friends insisted upon sending for a surgeon.

The leg was amputated as blood poisoning had set in, and the man's life was the forfeit of his folly.

Another case. An old man of nearly 70 years was a chronic sufferer from malaria, and was in the throes of a severe chill when I happened to arrive at his home. He was asking his wife for hot ginger tea, which in the past had been an unfailing panacea for these chills; but as she had resently joined a mind-cure society, she refused to give it to him. I plead with her to allow me to make it for him, but to no avail. He then asked if he might have some hot coffee, but again she refused to prepare it, and the poor man was left to suffer. He argued that he often drank ginger tea, and that she had given him coffee that morning for breakfast, but she said that tea or coffee might be proper as a pleasurable drink, but as a cure—never! The poor illogical woman had been sitting in a corner of her husband's room the greater part of the afternoon trying to 'treat' him and make his poor old shivering body 'demonstrate' health, when in five minutes she could have relieved his misery with a cup of hot tea! I left the house in disgust.

There was one experience which, more than all others, appealed to my sense of humor. Mr. and Mrs. C., Christian Scientists, invited me to go to Newport, R. I. for the week-end to escape a few days of the July heat. We were a little late in leaving the house for the station. I pointed this out to Mr. C., suggesting that we ask the driver to go faster, but he remained quite unmoved by the fact that we were late, or by my suggestion to hurry. Instead, he gave me a 'science' lecture on the unwisdom of worry and fear, assuring me that if we had sufficient faith, we should find all the conditions for our journey favorably 'demonstrated'. In closing he begged me to show more control over my 'mortal mind' and not let it go rushing off to the station ahead of me in such a precipitous manner. I am afraid I rather shocked him by replying that I wished it would rush on, and not only that, but that it would buy a ticket too, go on to Newport, don a bathing suit, and take a plunge into the sea; it might then, by telepathy, help to 'demonstrate' a cool wave for my 'mortal body'. He replied: "Child, when *will* you see the light?" and sighed in despair, as I said that I would rather see the dark ocean caves just that minute, so I should now try to make the horse

'demonstrate' speed. It must have been the placid immovable condition of Mr. C's unsmiling countenance, or perhaps the heat that affected the poor animal, for certainly something counteracted my efforts. As we arrived at the station a moment too late, the iron gate slammed in our faces and on the departing-without-us-train. This was too much for my mirth which burst forth into shrieks of laughter, when I encountered Mr. C's grave face and reproving glance as he said "Child, your lack of faith demonstrated error."

Many indeed were the cases that occurred such as I have pictured here—where fanaticism confounded commonsense. Looking back upon those days, I marvel that I continued to remain a student of the tenets of healing, in the face of so much ignorance, obstinancy and dogmatism. But I was encouraged by the indisputable fact that good outweighed the bad, knowledge the ignorance, and cures the failures. In justice to the inspiring principles and moral advantages of the philosophy of healing, I reasoned that after all it was *not individuals of a society who made its premises true or false.* They were able to demonstrate its usefulness and the practicability of its application, but extremists were often its worst enemies, as in the cases cited where their distorted interpretation and fixed ideas gave a wholly wrong impression to others.

If we were to judge Christianity by the hysterical outbursts witnessed at a negro religious camp meeting, or by the crimes committed in Christ's name by emotional fanatics, we should spurn it as a religion. So let us not make the mistake of condemning a philosophy because of the peculiarity of its individual members, otherwise we may do it the greatest possible injustice. The most enlightened believer, as well as the most ignorant, can understand only such part of his philosophy as his particular stage of evolution enables him to percieve and practice.

If the press, in the instance cited, instead of voicing a sweeping, sensational condemnation, had endeavored to investigate the ideals, humanitarian efforts and cures of the mental healers, it would have rendered a great service to thousands of its readers, and in particular to those who were believers in the philosophy of healing. But the majority of newspapers needed to look to their living, which depended largely upon being popular and sensational; so

the successes and failures of a baseball player were far more interesting to the mass of their readers than a correction of the mistakes and a solution of the problems of any profound philosophy—those mistakes and problems which are inevitable to the pioneer stages of its history. Unfortunately, the sensational reports of the errors, sufferings, crimes and passions of ordinary humanity, were far more entertaining topics to the average newspaper reader, than the more intellectual topics discussed in the columns of the legitimate press, relating to the moral and spiritual improvement of mankind. But remember that even the 'yellow' press possesses its 'refining fire', and those who allow it too inflame their morbid passions and desires are certain sooner or later, to suffer, through their sad experiences, and grow wiser.

Some of the Boston newspapers were ruthless in their condemnation of the healing sects. Perhaps in those days they were not compelled to take into account, as at present, the millions of their followers who are contributors to their coffers, and who would be offended (rightly so) by sensational censure, made in ignorance and disrespect of opinions held by them as sacred. But the press tried to sweep the members of these sects out of existence and their healing methods with them. It did not matter to them that healing philosophy had relieved thousands of men and women from pain and suffering, and also that it had rescued so many from the abysses of agnosticism, atheism and materialism, besides preventing hosts of others from falling into such pernicious pitfalls.

Fortunately the condemnations did not succeed in checking the enthusiasm of those who had satisfactorily proven the truth of their healing philosophy, but it bore good fruit instead. It impressed upon a large number of students besides myself, the necessity for adding to their beliefs a *scientific curriculum of procedure* based on sufficient knowledge to alleviate the hazards of failure, and thus to protect their practices from fanatical extremes and superstitions of some of their ignorant members. So the intense public opposition which threatened to wreck the structure upon which we had built our philosophy and the public confidence as well, only served to illustrate once more the lesson that the statelier mansions of the soul are mostly constructed

out of bits of imperishable materials, rescued from the debris of inadequate confines of past beliefs, rebuilt with experience as architect. Revolution is frequently the productive quarry of evolution.

None of us likes revolutionary methods, but let us gladly welcome any instrument of progress, even an objectionable one, if it will only assist the evolutionary forces in removing us from the limitations of dogma and creed. Perhaps you notice that I do not say, *remove dogma and creed themselves*; at a certain stage they play a necessary part in our advancement. I have found that, in the majority of people, the ego is like a great caged bird beating its wings against these limitations and trying (unconsciously to them in most cases) to free itself from their restricting influence. That very effort of the ego to release itself unloosens the forces of evolution and in time frees it. This release, however, is very gradually accomplished, and measured by almost imperceptible stages. In time the wings of his aspiration will beat down all obstacles and carry the ego upwads to those realms where the brilliancy of the light of reason and intuition is that which completely dispels the shadows in the lower levels of creed and dogma.

Many people fear that breaking loose from the confines of their religious beliefs, leads them into danger—that of straying from the 'strait and narrow' path. This timidity is compatible with the earlier stages of human progress when the 'fear of God is the *beginning* of wisdom'. Such an one needs to have his philosophy put in dogma and creed, and to be governed by restricting rules, so that his young mind and conduct may be safeguarded during the time when he himself does not possess the moral strength to walk alone.

So we must not condemn our younger students who love the letter of the law. It is as foolish for people to do so who have freed themselves from it, and who demand intellectual and personal liberty in their philosophical school of life, as for a sophomore in college to condemn the freshman for being a grade lower than himself. Students who know the joys and certainties of the higher grades are often impatient and critical of those who are perfectly happy and satisfied with what is being taught them according to certain 'rules and regulations'. To try to *force* a person against

his will to accept a philosophy or any religious belief other than his own, is influencing him to become a hypocrite. If after laying before him what we consider our broader beliefs, and while maintaining our attitude of respectful consideration for his, we find him unsympathetic and inclined to be irritated or condemnatory of us, we should go no further, having done our duty. Any coercion is wrong. The reverse is also true. Any church, or religious sect, commits a moral wrong if it tries to check the desires of a follower (one who is of age) in answering to the dictates of his mind and heart which urge him to seek for other, and what he feels, more satisfactory realms of truth. The very fact that he yearns to follow his own heart's dictates, his own philosophy and religion, shows that it is best for him to do so and that it has something to teach him which he needs. There is not one of us who would not fight to free unfortunate slaves from physical slavery; why then force other people's minds to become slaves of beliefs that are not satisfying to them.

In the days of which I am speaking, many of us felt keenly the necessity for more knowledge to assist us in our limited spheres and practices of healing, and I now realize how wrong it was of my fellow-students to endeavor to force us to choke out these desires and remain and continue to work. They urged that faith in Christ was sufficient knowledge, and that He would do the healing through us, if we would only give Him the opportunity. Vainly we cited the many failures and grave difficulties we were experiencing and the serious problems which faced us. We pointed out that it seemed to us that either Christ was more compassionate to some than to others (an idea which I could not accept, even as a child) or we must be lacking in sufficient knowledge. It could not be absence of faith, for we certainly possessed a sufficient measure of that desirable quality, which was shown by the fact that we could cure in some cases; why then did we fail in others of an identical kind. Our own faith being sufficient, we tested that of the persons who came to us to be healed, and found in them an over-abundance of those 'grains of mustard seeds'. Question: What then was the trouble. Finally, the evidence pointed unmistakably to ignorance of the mechanism of healing methods, and I, with some others, renounced, the work until

such time as I could give the necessary study to it. Where was I to look for this desirable knowledge?

Shortly after this, a happy destiny made it possible for me to live in Paris, and on my arrival there I lost no time in turning my attention to study an investigation of my favorite subject. O, the joy of those days and of feeling my hopes revive while working in a circle of intelligent, scientific investigators; and in witnessing the experiments of Charcot, Bergheim, Baraduc, and others, in some of the Medical Schools and physicians' *ateliers*, where kind friends had obtained for me the permission to visit and witness experiments. Those days were most fruitful and encouraging, but I was not so selfish as to forget the freinds I had left behind me in Boston, and whom I yearned to bring over *en masse*, that they might enjoy the same privileges as myself—but this was not possible.

The work abroad was a very great change from that of former days. I was no longer in the midst of cures which were made by prayers and faith, but where scientific methods obtained. There were more wonderful cures in a few months in Paris as well as in the city of Nancy, than I had seen in all the three years of my earlier experience. This healing was done quite apart from the association of any religious idea whatsoever, and some of the most wonderful cures were made by men who were even agnostics and atheists. This demonstrated clearly how unnecessary it was in former days to clothe the science of healing in a religious garment woven of faith alone. Not that I opposed religion, on the contrary I had a deeply religious nature, but I did not see why religion should be the excuse for entirely eliminating scientific methods.

Some of these doctors of France were profoundly religious, but they deemed it unnecessary to demonstrate their science of curing physical ills while in spiritual meditation. Neither did they approve of ignoring the *causes* of disease and considering them as unreal; nor of recognizing the effects of disease, and treating them only by religious faith.

They proved to me conclusively that *effects* of disease could be alleviated temporarily, but seldom permanently, without removing the *causes*. In other words, they all added to their faith, will and scientific knowledge to remove

both causes and effects of physical ills simultaneously and the cures remained permanent in most cases.

Let me make a *resume* of my conclusions: The methods of the mental healers, in America, led them to ignore the reality and place of the causes of disease, and to depend too much on prayer and faith alone to remove the effects. It is true that they succeeded in perhaps five out of ten cases and now and then performed permanent cures, but there were many cases where they failed completely to cure at all. In the majority of cases the cures were *not* permanent and the patients were compelled to have more treatments, after a certain time had elapsed and their troubles had returned. The methods of their healing were those of mysticism and not of occultism.

The French scientists, on the other hand, recognized the reality of disease, as well as the relative impermanency of those causes, but they did not call them unreal or ignore them. They used faith, will-power, hypnotism, suggestion, and the best that medical science and experience could offer; and in the majority of cases they removed both the cause and the effect of the disease. Later, during my travels in Switzerland, Germany, England and Italy, I met with other scientists who worked along identical lines with those of the French Schools. In subsequent pages I shall give a detailed description of what I found in their experiments. And I shall also endeavor to explain their rationale.

During the first few weeks of my association with these European scientists, I had hoped to solve the problems that had confronted me during my work in America. But alas! this was not possible, except to a limited extent. While some of the difficulties were explained, and I was able to understand a little more of what was really taking place when the cures were performed, there were other and more, serious problems which presented themselves. I was confronted by the moral and spiritual problems which arose in the use and misuse of hypnotism, suggestion, will-power, etc. These were far more serious, and my former difficulties relegated themselves to the stage of the primer of intellectual inquiry. It seemed so strange to me, that in the face of the miracles being performed, not one of the scientists had anything but the vaguest knowledge of the

forces which were being involved in the result of their methods. Furthermore, while the physical cures were permanent, I observed that there were certain effects and reactions upon the emotional, intellectual and moral status of the patients, which were often very deleterious to their welfare. The indifference of the doctors to these results was unfortunate, and they considered these problems quite outside the realms of their demonstrations. But to the deeper student interested in the superphysical, as well as the physical side of human nature—the occultism of progress—the facts ignored by the Paris Scientist seem to him the most serious and important of all.

Naturally it was a great disappointment to me at that time that the complete rationale of both methods was lacking. However, certain results proved that the methods were admirable and desirable; other cases showed that they were certainly sometimes dangerous, with questionable consequences. They did not dishearten me but were a great impetus to my desire to get at the root of each; this became my ideal and at the same time I preserved my respect and admiration for both methods. They were certainly relieving much of the suffering and materialism of humanity and their conscientious devotees believed that these ends justified the means. Nor would I presume to differ with them so far as their own work was concerned. But I understood my own scruples and hence my ideal to solve the hidden problems of healing.

We are endeavoring to understand, not to condemn, and so it is my intention in subsequent chapters to take up the details of both the methods above described, and to bring to bear upon them the clearer sight, and explanations pertaining to trained psychism.

Poems by Maeterlinck

HIS "ORAISON"

Lord, like a woman is my soul afraid,
See Thou, O Lord, what I herein have made,
With mine own hands, the lilies of my soul,
And of mine eyes the heaven of my heart.
Have pity, Lord, on my great misery,
I have lost the palm and I have lost the ring.
Have pity on the prayers I send to Thee—
The poor prayer-flowers, which in a vase I bring.

Have pity on the evil of my mouth,
On my regrets, have pity! In the drouth
Of fever send white lilies, Lord, and sow
Roses, all roses, where the marsh-plants grow.

My God! The ancient flights of doves, that part,
Yellow the heaven of mine eyes. Have dole
And pity on the lion-cloths, Lord, they do
Encompass me with gestures vague and blue.

STAFF AND SCRIP

I have searched these thirty years, my sisters,
His abiding place,
I have feared these thirty years, my sisters,
Nor have seen his face.

Everywhere he has seen me, my sisters,
Him I could not see;
Everywhere I have seen him, my sisters,
But he saw not me.

Thirty years have I fared, my sisters,
Doff my sandals here;
And the twilight dies as well, my sisters,
And my soul is sere.

Ye are sixteen years, my sisters,
Bright your faces glow;
Take ye my pilgrim staff, my sisters,
Ye also seek him, go—

V. T.

Physical Basis of Dreams

By Cuthbert Tunstall

The best advertised philosopher of our day (I have named Professor Bergson, the play-boy of the scientific world), thinks there is no essential difference between waking and sleeping. Indeed he says: "The dream state is the substratum of our normal state." That is strongly said, and he adds to it: "The perception and the memory which we find in dreaming are, in a sense, more natural than those of waking life." The dreaming Ego is quite as real as the waking Ego and, withal, he can fare further abroad in his travels. Your dreams, while they last, are quite as true as your mid-day adventures in the machine-shop or the voting booth. And they are quite as well worth studying.

Moreover science has studied them.

There have always been two races of scientists—the physicists and the psychicists, each with its own interpretation of the life-problem. The physicist is the man of the laboratory; to him truth appears in fragments of skin and strips of living flesh. He cultivates microbes, sacrifices guinea-pigs, inoculates monkeys. About him everything wails, chatters, moans, attesting his scientific sincerity; and he with his scalpel has dug lustily for—the Dream. He has hunted it in the lobes of the brain and chased it along the spinal marrow and down the dark digestive tubes. He has learned a great deal. Indeed by petting or prodding various parts of the physical body he has learned to make dreams of a sort—to provoke, if he cannot wholly create them.

The other man, the psychicist, in his more occult way, has studied the same problem. For most of us, I daresay, sleep is a long corridor without light or air. Now the psychicist has gone down into the corridor and met phantoms of men and women; and though they sought to go by him in silence, shaking their reluctant heads, he has harried them with questions, not supernatural, but full of wonder.

With one of these men, and the other, we shall have word—if you will—and hear what their sciences have to say. The one shall make plain the physical side of the dream-state—his explanation of dreams of flying and of falling,

dreams of taste, touch, perfume and such common matters; and the other, advancing further into the world of sleep, shall confront the darker, more significant dreams of symbol and of prophecy—if you will.

I

Dreams Made to Order

Physical scientists are agreed that there are two kinds of dreams; those based on memories of the waking life and those which arise from physical sensations experienced in sleep and interpreted by the sleeping consciousness.

Probably the sensorial dream is the most common. In a thousand ways it translates the sensations that come from the organic body. It is as though the sleeping mind were staring at a moving-picture, streaming by without pause. Here and there on the film is a picture so striking it scores an impression deep enough to carry over into the waking state. That is the dream you remember. Now from the beginning humanity has been trying to create its own dreams and, as well, to govern them. Medieval science discovered that the quality of the dreams depended upon the kind of food in the stomach—that the cabbage-fed man dreamed sadly, while onion-bred dreams were terrible. Then, more subtly, it called in perfumes, lights, music to produce in the sleeper those sensations or emotions out of which he might build his dreams. It was in an ancient temple that Aspasia sought her dreams; music played softly, magic perfumes enveloped her and she fell asleep her eyes fixed on the floating mirror. Modern science has found nothing better. It still begets its dreams in the old way, though it has changed its magic perfumes for hypnotic drugs and extracts its music from a phonograph. The dream-making apparatus made by Dr. Leonard Corning, of New York, differs only in detail from what Aspasia found in the Temple of Patras. His method of imposing dreams upon the subject of his experiments is identical with that of the priests of Hygeia. First he administers a hypnotic potion; and when you have drunk he bids you look at a luminous object whirling yonder in the dusk of the room; then he covers your head with an acoustic cap permitting him to control the sounds which reach

the ears. You are now in that state of "gentle somnolence" whereof Aspasia wrote to Pericles; and the scientist lays you on a soft couch draped with shadowing curtains. It is as though you lay in a tent of dreams. At the foot of your bed a chromatoscope, made of two motley-colored discs, whirls and weaves capricious patterns of color and form; and a phonograph whispers incantations into the tubes of the acoustic cap, into the somnolent ears and brain. And the dreams come trooping—vague carnivals of color and sound. Of course one can weave these dreams according to any pattern; it is merely a matter of intensifying this sensation or that. It should be said that Dr. Corning has used his dream-machine only for the healing of the brain-sick dreamers. There are simpler ways of governing those dreams which are due to the physical sensations. It is evident that sounds, lights, perfumes are merely the point of departure for dreams; once launched on the sleeping consciousness they drift, change and deform themselves. Now a French scientist, in order to regulate his dreams, called in the well known law of the association of ideas. Thus if when you are awake certain sensations—the odour of a rose, the sound of a violin—make you think of the particular person who holds the rose in her hand or who plays the violin for you, is it not possible to carry over into the dream-life these associations? May not the rose on your pillow evoke in your dream the girl who wore the rose? Unquestionably; and Hervey de Saint-Denis has proved it. One of his earliest experiments is classic. He was going to spend a fortnight with friends at their country-house in Vivarais. Before leaving town he purchased in a shop a bottle of strong and rather individual perfume. He did not open the flask until he reached his destination. Then he used the perfume constantly, chiefly on his handkerchief, for two weeks. The day of his departure for town he sealed the bottle hermetically. For several months it was not opened. Then one day he gave it to the servant whose duty it was to come early to his bed-room. The instructions were that a few drops should be scattered on the pillow any morning the servant found him in a deep sleep. In order that the mere expectation of something happening might not influence his dreams the servant was left entire freedom to select what morning he pleased. Ten days

went by; no memory of Vivarais came to haunt his nightly dreams. Then one night he dreamed that he had gone back to the country-house and there he lived again his experiences of the waking life six months before. It was on that occasion the servant, for the first time, had sprinkled on his pillow the reminiscent perfume.

A more complicated experiment was made a few months later. Again Hervey was asleep. A few drops of the Vivarais perfume were poured on his pillow, and, as well, a few drops of a perfume habitually used by a painter in whose studio Hervey spent many an hour. And the dream came.

"I thought," says Hervey, "I was in the dining-room of the Vivarais house, dining with the members of the family. All at once the door opened and my friend the painter, was announced. He entered accompanied by a young girl, entirely nude, whom I recognized as a very beautiful model I had seen in his studio."

The dream, as such things do, then became complicated, but Hervey had proved his point, that odor-begotten dreams may be governed. His experiments with music were equally convincing. A composer of dance-music was among his friends. For several evenings the composer played unpublished waltzes while Hervey danced with young women—dancing always with the same girl to the same dance-ryhthm. Then he slept. In an adjoining room the composer played softly. As each tune reached the sleeper's consciousness the girl with whom that tune was associated entered his House of Dreams and danced with him. It was a procession of dream-girls, each swaying to the music of *her* waltz.

The sensation of taste is as quite easily directed, he ascertained by a charming experiment, which has been often repeated. Indeed many scholarly folk I could mention have thus transformed into apparent realities their souvenirs of literature and art; but Hervey's adventure will serve as an imitable experiment. He chose for his experiment one night the charming scene in Ovid where Pygmalion wakens to life with his kisses the white figure he has cut out of marble. You remember how the verses go, it may be; for Pygmalion first caressed lightly the figure of cold and of stone; then he brought her the gifts loved by young girls—rare shells and little polished pebbles and little birds and

many-colored flowers. He put gemmed rings on her fingers and twisted a long amber necklace round her marble throat. He set pearls in her ear-lobes and threw a scarf over her young breasts. At last he pressed his lips to her lips and she felt the fire of his kisses and blushed; and then she lifted her timid eyes and saw—at the same time—heaven and her lover.

Hervey read and re-read the verses until they lay pure and unchanging on the bed of his memory; oddly enough as he tried to visualize the white Galatea it seemed to him that she looked wonderfully like a young actress of his acquaintanceship. Now during all the time he had brooded over Ovid's verses, and that miracle of long-ago, he had kept in his mouth a little piece of orris-root, a substance he had never tasted before. What happened was this:

He dreamed he was in the green-room of the Théatre-Francais, the evening of the general rehearsal of a new play. The young actress, his friend, was to play the leading role. He knew there had been trouble of a sort, and that the management had been dissatisfied with the scant costume she had chosen. The young actress approached him. Her costume consisted of a muslin scarf, sown with gilt stars, an amber necklace, antique bracelets and anklets; on her hands were sapphire rings.

"How do you like me in this.." she asked prettily.

And then the scientist found himself in a stage-box, watching the Ovidian drama of Galatea, played by the young actress of the Comédie Francaise. Thus Hervey linked certain dreams to certain fore-ordained sensations—of taste, ordour, hearing. A simple matter and to-day a common-place of science. By what he eats, by what he smells, or hears or sees a man may incubate his pet dreams—and send them winged and fluttering into his sleeping consciousness.

These dreams, you will observe, are intimately bound to the body. They dance on the tight-ropes of the olfactory nerves. They are palate-fed, ear-begotten, eye-bred. To this class of dreams the physicists add those familiar dreams of flying or falling in space. In such sleep adventures they see mere bodily objectivations—to use their stately word. Thus Havelock Ellis used to dream of a girl-acrobat, in appropriate costume, who was ryhthmically rising to a great

height in the air and then falling, without touching the floor, though each time she approached quite close to it. He believed this vivid dream was suggested by the rhythmic rising and falling of his own respiratory muscles. In a similar way the common dream of falling through space is attributed to respiratory breathlessness and an accompanying numbness of the skin. In other words the flights of the sleeping consciousness are caused by pathological disturbances in the vital processes. The most fantastic dream has a physical point of departure. It is guided in devious ways by subconscious desires or fears or half-buried memories.

II

Crime and the Dream

If the law ran by night as by day few men would escape the hangman. Criminal dreams—dreams of murder and violence—haunt the world of sleep. Dionysius was not wholly illogical when he ordered the execution of a man who dreamed he had killed him; for it is a theory of modern science—Freud of Vienna fathers it—that behind the symbolism of every dream there is a wish. In your dream you carry out an unfulfilled intention. Indeed you may think of dreamland as an obscure country traversed by long roads of unfulfilled intentions down which the sleeping consciousness goes prowling. Such crimes as the primitive savage committed lightly are committed again in the dreams of civilized men. And what lends itself to gloomy thought is the Freud theory that the dreaming man is worse—in character and morals—than the waking man. It is as though there were in every man a criminal asleep. The theologians see in this fact dark evidence of original sin. Freud and his followers see in it the dim awakening of atavistic impulses—ancient hereditary feelings. And, since in sleep the day-law does not run, the primitive passions are free to riot. The wild beast wakes and prowls fur-footed through the corridors of sleep. (A theory like any other).

That were enough to make the night a thing of peril; but there is worse: All the secret desires of the heart demand of dreams the fulfilment they dared not seek in the

waking world. There is nothing to check them—save perhaps a faint memory of the orderly habits of the waking life. The statutes and the criminal code are abolished in the world of sleep; even the moral code has no jurisdiction. So the desires repressed, held down, deep-buried by day, wake like cats, by night, and prowl abroad. Can you picture to yourself the furtive dreamer. Through the dusk of sleep he creeps toward his crime—the long-desired act that his waking-life shudders away from horrified. He finds the knife and the man; and kills; then he flees hounded by primitive fears and primeval terrors. His only place of refuge is the sun-lighted waking world.

The Unfulfilled Intention

It is curious that real criminals do not dream of crime, of murder, of violence. Their night-imaginings, the modern investigators inform us, are delicate, innocent—flower-like, lamb-like. There are cases where the murderer dreams of his crime, but that way madness lies. Such dream-consciousness is only a variation of insanity. Usually the dreams of actual criminals are innocent ones. Having fulfilled in waking life their desires of violence they are haunted by no hungry, compelling dreams. The good man, who has laid law and discipline upon his life, is the man whose dreams range most lawlessly.

There is another side to this question of crime-dreaming, which the Baron du Prel has studied. Any one of us—like Bacon of Verulam—may dream he is an assassin. In spite of the casuists this is not a moral crime, since we are powerless to chain up these dream-impulses; and it is not a legal crime, the French courts have decided, if such a dreamer turns somnambulist and walks out and really slays a man. (Charpignon cites nine cases of somnambulists who have carried into execution—or tried to—their dreams of murder. Three of these dream-murderers were tried and acquitted). But it is not only with the sleep-walkers that dreams are potent. Scores and hundreds of crimes owe their origin to dream-suggestion. Jacques Clement who killed Henri III was auto-suggestionized by a dream; so was Staap, who planned the murder of Napoleon. The hallucinations of the demented are often the auto-suggestions of a dream.

Thus we are led round the fatal circle.

Science tells us that dreams are caused by pathological disturbances of the vital processes; and having proved it, goes on to prove that the vital processes are subject to the dream. The fatal circle—

III.

Symbol and Prophecy

"We dream only of things that are worth while".

It reads like a line from a fortune-teller's advertisement. As a matter of fact it is a sober statement by Dr. Maeder of Zurich and sums up the theory of Freud and the modern psycho-analytical school. And its meaning is clear.

Man does not dream at random. Every dream has its significance. It may bring a message from the physical organs—announcing days in advance the coming of a definite disease. This is prophecy of a sort; but the real prophetic dream has to do with things quite outside the body. For instance you dream of an unknown person and a week later, it may be, find yourself face to face in real life with the person of your dreams. The medical books from the time of Aristotle down are full of such cases. Capuana, the Italian novelist, dreamed recently of an unknown woman—dark-haired, deep-eyed—and three days later met her in the street.

Of all such prophetic dreams the most curious is one I first heard from Rossignol, the famous French detective. Later Monsieur Bérard, now a member of the Chamber of Deputies, confirmed it. It clamps, as with steel, Dr. Maeder statement that "behind the apparently insignificant events of the day utilized in the dream there is always an important idea or event hidden. *We dream only of things that are worth while.* What at first sight seems to be a trifle is a grey wall behind which hides a great palace."

Bérard before his election as deputy was a magistrate. One evening after a long hunting excursion in the mountains of the Cévennes he put up at a lonely wayside inn. In the night he had a frightful dream. It was this: "I dreamed that the inn-keeper and his wife approached my bed. The man with a big kitchen knife cut my throat

while the woman clung to my arms, so that I could not defend myself. When I had ceased to struggle the two murderers took my body by the head and feet and threw it into a pit half-filled with stable-manure. I woke up gasping as though nearly stifled by the manure they had pitched down upon my body. I was bathed in sweat and every nerve in me jangled."

As soon as day broke he left the inn, but before doing so he took a good look at the inn-keeper and his wife—a sullen pair of mountaineers. A year later he was sent as examining magistrate to the chief town of this mountain district of France. The first case brought to his notice was one that had long been a mystery. The previous year, a notary, in whose possession was a large trust fund, had disappeared. The police took it to be a case of embezzlement and flight; but about the time Monsieur Bérard arrived an anonymous letter informed the authorities that the evening of his disappearance the notary had been seen to enter the wayside inn. The inn-keeper and his wife were summoned to give evidence. It was thought they might give some hint as to which way the fugitive had gone. Bérard had not known what witnesses he was to examine. He was surprised to recognize the murderers he had seen in his dream. Obstinately the man and wife denied that the notary had visited the inn. Then full of his dream, Bérard said to them: "You are the assassins. I saw you commit the crime. You, the man, cut the notary's throat with a big kitchen knife, while you, the woman, held his arms; then the two of you threw his body into the manure-pit. It is there now."

The murderers broke down and confessed. Inspector Rossignol who had been sent from Paris to hunt the supposed fugitive, was directed at once to search the pit. The body was found. Now surely behind that dream something of importance was hidden.

Another dream that was "worth while," I heard from Goron, former Chief of the Surety in Paris.

In a modest apartment in the rue de Terrier at Vincennes an old woman named Bazine had been found strangled. Said Goron: "When I reached the house nothing had been touched. In a strange bed-room, hung with religious banners and ornamented with sacred pictures, the body of the

poor old woman lay, face down, at the foot of the bed. The assassin had strangled her with a cord and then piled on the body an old-fashioned trunk of leather and oak with four big rusty casters. I learned that she was poor, living on a little income of $160 a year; a pious old soul, too, going every morning to mass and every evening to vespers. The last time she had been seen was as she went out to the nine o'clock mass. Finally the police were notified of her disappearance, the door was broken open and the body found. The motive of the crime appeared to be theft, as the bureau and the closets had been rummaged; but all that was missing was a huge clock, weighing over forty pounds, which had stood on the mantel-piece. A gold watch still hung by the bed. The only clue was the stolen clock. A well-to-do woman who lived in the flat underneath Madame Bazine hastened up to tell me of a suspicious man she had seen in the stairway. She seemed very keen on discovering the murderer and I asked who she was.

"One of the best women in the world', I was told, 'the wife of a bank-clerk; and both husband and wife are intimate friends of the prefect of police!' "

"Suspicion could not point this way. Two men who had been seen about the place were arrested, but there was no evidence against them and we were forced to let them go. Meanwhile the Paris newspapers in their witty way were pointing out the incapacity of the police and I,of course,bore the brunt of the attack."

Thus Goron was in a state of worry and concern—brooding over the murder—when one night he fell asleep and dreamed; this was his dream:

He found himself in Madame Bazine's room, with its religious banners and pictures of the saints. The old woman prayer-book in hand came back from mass. She was breathless from climbing the stairs. For a moment or two she rested in a chair. Then she crossed the room to where the huge old trunk stood. Painfully she pushed the heavy thing across the floor with much noise of rusty casters. Of a sudden a raging woman rushed into the room, waving over her head a piece of rope:

"I've had enough of this noise!" she shouted, "you'll never wake me up again with your dirty tramway." And she siezed the terrified old woman and stangled her with

the cord. When mother Bazine lay dead on the floor the shrew laughed and capered. Still laughing she tipped the trunk over on the dead body.

"There's your cursed trunk, old fool! You'll never bother me again," she cried; it was at this moment the dreamer recognized the murderess—she was the respectable woman, the friend of the Prefect of Police, who lived in the flat beneath. And Goron, in his dream, saw her look round the room, take the heavy clock from the mantel-piece and hurry back to her own apartment below.

He woke up wet with sweat.

The next day the shrew was arrested and made a full confession. It fitted into Goron's dream exactly as a hand fits into a glove. A dream "worth while".

There are few dreamers who have not had similar experiences. The wish a man has in his waking life becomes intensely active in the dream world. Professor Lamberton, the mathematician, sought for weeks to solve a problem; the solution came to him in a dream, sketched out on the wall of his room. Agassiz tried without success to reconstruct from fragmentary bones the skelton of an extinct animal; in a dream he succeeded. Sprenger the inventor of the automatic brake found the secret of its mechanism in a dream. These are, one and all, instances of the waking wish being carried over into sleep. All the forces and faculties were concentrated on one single point—the murderer, the problem, or the invention. Many subtle hints and indications which the waking mind had overlooked took their logical places in the more serene and more intense study of the question which was made by the sleeping consciousness. Thus the psychanalists explain Goron's dream and that of the professors. They went into sleep as one goes into a quiet room, to think, reflect, join together the hundred and one faint impressions out of which a tangible theory may be made. Bérard's dream of the tragedy in the way-side inn is not quite the same. It is more truly a prophetic dream, for in that case the crime was forescen; it happened—not the night he dreamed it—but a few nights later. Such foreshadowing was in the dream of the Philadelphia lady who saw her son run down and killed in a New York street. By the first morning train she journeyed to New York and, as she left the station saw a crowd gathered round a man who

had just been crushed by a car—her son. This, they say, was a fear-dream; fear for the son's safety filled her sleep; it was fear raised to the highest power, extremely alert, discerning the most probable peril.

The reality of such prophetic dreams, hundreds of them, have been established. Modern physicists have analyzed them and found in all a common factor. They call it the mono-idea. A mono-maniac, for example, is a man mad on one subject; the mono-ideist is the man who can concentrate his entire being on one idea and such a man is Napoleon who fights, Edison who invents, Dante who writes. When the mono-idea is taken over into the quiet chamber of sleep it becomes even more potent. It solves the mathematician's problem or unravels the detective's mystery. But it prophesies, as well.. According to du Prel its prophecy is built up out of the hundreds of slight but convincing probabilities overlooked by the waking mind, but seen plainly in sleep, where nothing from without distracts the one-idead attention. Time and again du Prel has created artificial sleep—by hypnosis—and in the artificial sleep has created dream-prophecy. He has stripped the prophetic dream of its supernatural dress; but he has not taken away all its mystery. Often as Aristotle pointed out, in his book on prophetic dreams, the dream sets up a mono-idea in the brain; and the man when he wakes merely follows it out—fulfilling the self-made prophecy.

Some years ago a well-to-do farmer of good repute, one Manuel Blanco, was condemned to death in Spain. He had run about the fields and lanes on all fours, leaping on men and women and tearing them with his teeth.

"I am a were-wolf", he told his judges. Durand de Gros, the French psychicist, had known of similar cases, wherein an imaginary transformation into some animal or other had followed hypnotic suggestion, or had arisen from auto-suggestion. (Did not the hypnotized companions of Ulysses go grovelling like swine?) So Durand wrote to the Spanish tribune offering to make the journey to Spain at his own cost and said he: "I will put the honorable judge in the same state Blanco was in and send him out like a wolf to raven on the roads." The judge refused the courteous offer, stating that six eminent doctors had pronounced Blanco quite sane and responsible for his deeds. And

Blanco was garrotted—for having dreamed he was a werewolf and having lived for a little while his monstrous dream.

The symbolic dream is a variant of the prophetic. In it the sleeping consciousness dramatizes its fears, its wishes—dresses them in garments of mysticism or fantasy. Very typical is the dream told by Noel Paton: "My mother dreamed she stood in a long, dark gallery. On one side was my father, on the other my elder sister, then myself and the rest of the family." Death entered, a grisly figure with a heavy axe. One of the girls, Alexis, ran forward to protect the mother; and death struck her with his axe. Then Catherine fell before him. The son was pursued by death but the weapon did not touch him. Three months later the two girls died of scarlet fever and the boy was with difficulty saved from death. This, as you see, was a prophetic dream, draped in allegory and symbol. In sleep consciousness the mother had dramatized her fear. A merchant told me the other day a dream-experience of the same general character, though it was based not on fear but on the wish. The earth-quake in San Francisco nearly ruined him, though his shop there was not wholly destroyed and goods worth a few thousand dollars were uninjured. But who was there to buy? The next day he had to make a payment of $3000 or go under. That night he dreamed. He was in a road and he was slowly sinking into a pit of mud. He sank slowly, until the mud reached his throat and he said: "Oh, Lord! I shall die here!" Then he saw a high-wheeled dog-cart coming along the road. In it sat two women. There was pity in their eyes as they looked at him, but they did not speak. As the cart passed he threw up one hand with a great effort and gripped the wheel; and the turning wheel dragged him out of the mire and set him on his feet. With that he woke.

The next day he was in his shop, when a dog-cart drove up; in it were two women—not wholly strangers though he had never seen them except in a dream. They bought out his entire stock—at a bargain to be sure; but the money set him on his feet. A wish dream, an intense desire, a mono-idea—by what name you please; it had forced into his sleeping consciousness a hint, darkly symbolic, of what was to be.

Hervey summoned into his dreams the people he wished to meet and made for himself what dream-life he fancied

best; you can do as much. Du Prel, Liébault and many others can create artificial sleep and artificial dreams of symbol or prophecy; you can do the same thing—if you care to follow the example set by experimental psychology.

Only—

There are dark corridors in the dream-world, which are still unexplored.

"When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,
Look up! O most sorrowful of daughters!
Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark,
For His feet are coming to thee on the waters."

A Word of Thanks From the Publishers

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The letters of encouragement have been far too numerous to permit of individual replies, and the editors and the publishers therefore take this means to thank all these friends for their kindness. Others have sent in copy for advertisements, but the standard of carefulness and responsibility, which will obtain in this department did not enable us to insert these advertisements in the first number of THE CHANNEL. The clientele of THE CHANNEL assures all advertisers of a thoughtful hearing, but it likewise places an additional responsibility upon the publishers as to the character and quality of the matter which is advertised.

A Parenthesis in Time

By Vance Thompson

I

"Ohe Santoro"

The big steamer lay in the harbor of Palermo. It was mid-June; sky and sea were blue enamel; an ebbing tide uncovered a strip of wet sand the colour of wrapping paper; the white and green city was beaten upon by a glaring sun. A young looking man stood by the starboard rail, watching the fruit-boats, making out across the harbour. There were many passengers, laughing and chatting in groups, but he did not seen to know any of them. He was tall and lean and stooped a little, as though his loneliness were a burden. The eyes he watched the boat with were grey and dreamy. His face was thin and intellectual, with a narrow forehead, a high straight nose and a kindly mouth. He was clean-shaven; his hair, thick and blond, was too long and the ends of it curled on his collar. A gentleman, certainly; and quite as certainly he was not a man of the world—an air of shy uncouthness set him apart from the other passengers. A timid man one had said. But when a steward passed he stopped him with quiet authority that seemed habitual.

"When can we go ashore?" he asked.

"I don't know, Mr. Fowlis, can't say, sir, sorry," said the steward.

The Arabic, one day out from Naples had put in at Palermo to take on her Sicilian emigrants. Fowlis could make them out on the deck—clusters of little, gesticulating, black figures. At last a tug came out to the ship, bringing the port officials. Silent men in braided coats and gallooned caps, they came up the swaying ladder to the steerage deck. With them was a fat and gloomy man, wearing rusty alpaca and a soft straw hat.

"That's the American consul," said one of the passengers as the little group, accompanied by the two physicians of the Arabic trailed aft, along the promenade deck to the Captain's room. Fowlis overheard the remark and

turned and looked curiously at the fat young man, but made no attempt to speak to him at the moment. When they returned a half hour later and went down—wordless and glum—to the steerage deck, he followed and touched the American consul on the shoulder.

"How-de-do, Clarke, "" he said quietly.

The fat man looked puzzled.

"Fowlis," he said at last and then shook hands.

"Still in the service, eh?"

Fowlis answered that he was going home on leave, for the first time in years—years too .long—spent in consular service in the Far East.

"Dammit, Fowlis," said the fat consul, "I wish I could take you home with me—I'm married, you know. But you see, "he lowered his voice," the port is closed. Cholera. They're dying like flies. Black crosses on every other door. Death carts goin' along the streets all night. Nice, aint it? An' I've got a wife in it!"

"When did they close the port?"

"Last night . An' they've closed all the Southern ports. You're the last boat out of Naples. Well, ol' man, goo'by! I'm goin' back to—that! " he added pointing toward the town. White and green, between sky and sea of blue, it lay in the palpitant sunlight; a little breeze was blowing now from land; it came laden with heavy odours of flowers and fruit and sunburned plants, and carried snatches of song and laughter.

"It's hell," said the fat consul softly, "an' I've got a wife there!"

The little tug alongside was snorting wrathfully—fire in its belly and its belly in the water.

"Well, goo'by again," Clarke said gloomily and went over the side.

Fowlis stood watching the little tug until she made a landing. He was in the thick of a crowd of emigrants—a fermenting, prassophagian, noisy crowd. As many as could get to the rail were chaffering with the hucksters in the bumboats, letting down their money in baskets, tied to long cords; and fishing up fruit, straw-covered flasks of wine, rolls of cigars, chocolate, flowers. Behind him in a clean space on deck, a dozen girls were dancing together, while a little man, all hair and eyes and teeth, was teasing a guitar

and singing "O bella Napoli". A woman with a baby in her arms pressed against Fowlis and he made her a place at the rail next to him. She was young and plump, with a dark Sicilian face and sleepy, soft eyes. Her scarlet boddice was open and the child was burrowing in it; Fowlis could see only the back of its fuzzy, hungry head.

"When will they come aboard, *vo' scia?*" she asked pointing to the emigrants huddled on the far-off dock.

Fowlis knew none of them would be taken on—already the police-boats were circling the steamer, watchfully, although they did not interfere with the bumboats and their traffic in germ-laden fruit—but he did not want to be the one to announce the news to this eager woman. She might be expecting her husband—a mother—

Here on the lower deck among these swarming emigrants he was no longer shy; he seemed to be studying them with an interest at once kindly and slightly protective, as one who had lived long among inferiors and aliens. As he hesitated, wondering what answer to give the woman, a skiff came alongside rowed by a half-naked fellow. A dark lad in a white starched shirt, balanced himself lightly on the bow and looked up questionly at the hundreds of peering faces. Suddenly the woman with the baby shouted: "Ohé, Santoro!" The lad tried in vain to make out where the voice had come from and the crowd at the rail took up the cry and roared "Ohé, Santoro! Ollaba!" Fowlis, taller than any, conspicious in his smart flannels, leaned over the rail and waved his hat. Then the boy saw her—baby and scarlet boddice—and threw out both hands in a wide gesture of recognition.

"Ohé! Lia!" he called up.

Fowlis thought he had never seen a finer animal—one in whom life beat so fiercely—and for a moment he envied the youth and beauty of this glorious animal. Not tall, the lad was cleanly built, with the torso of a young bull; close-curling hair of ebony covered his head and grew low on his forehead; though swarthy he was high in colour; his big black eyes sparkled with flecks of gold; a little mustache, silky and fine, just shaded his laughing, wine-y mouth. Strong and alert he posed—one foot on the gunwale of the rocking skiff—displaying proudly the grace and strength of his young, supple body. He swayed there in the skiff, with

upturned face; and his face was savage and ecstatic as the face of one of Guido's angels.

Fowlis, although he knew the dialect did not quite make out what Santoro was saying; evidently he had given word of the cholera and the closed port, for the woman with the baby screamed and tossed at his side and a wail went through the huddle of emigrants.

"I will come by the next boat—have no fear, Lia!" the lad shouted.

"He is my Nino, my little brother", the woman said, she said it to Fowlis and to the crowd about her and they hushed in sympathy.

"Is the cholera bad, Nino?"

He waved the cholera away and snapped his fingers at it and struck his mighty chest and laughed.

"For the others I'm sorry, Lia, but it cannot hurt me—not me!"

He was so superb in his bravado that the women cried out "O bel uomo!" and one of them threw him flowers. He caught the bouquet as it fell, kissed it and thrust it in his shirt. He was all youth, triumph, laughter. He held up a letter to his sister and asked her to send down a basket. Then a police-boat glided alongside the skiff; already the fruit-boats had drawn off, for tardily the authorities had decided to break all communication between the shore-boats and the steamer; the dusty fruit had been permitted to go aboard—Santoro's letter was stopped. He made a gesture of resignation.

"Give my love to the husband, Lia. He will meet you in New York."

"Yes, Nino, but you"—

"Don't cry," he said angrily, "I will come by the next boat."

He sat down and signalled the boatman to row shoreward. Abruptly, as though he had taken a great resolution he started up again.

"Lia, when you get over—there"—

He broke off; hundreds of intent faces were looking down upon him from the tall ship—hundreds of curious eyes; he shrugged his shoulders and, careless of the watchers, went on:

"Tell Mara I have not forgotten—the night she danced with me—and when I get back I will—"

But the rest of the poor love message, if it were one, died in the shrilling of the women and the laughter of the men. His voice was drowned in cries of "Ohé, Santoro!" and the little man all hair and teeth twanged his guitar to a song of *amore, cuore.* Santoro pulled his black hat over his face, waved to his sister and was rowed away. Fowlis could not explain to himself what attracted him to Santoro. It was as though the wild and savage beauty of the lad—his flaunting youth and fierce, out-looking vitality—called aloud to something within himself, mysteriously akin. And he smiled in his shy, quiet way in open self-mockery, for so well he knew himself—a grave, lonely man who had never been drunk with anger or love or pride. A tame man.

Lia was sobbing; he spoke to her gently.

"What a splelndid lad your brother is—you must be proud of him."

She was happy in his praise of Nino. She showed him her baby—prying it loose and turning up its milky face. And the baby looked at him with solemn black eyes, approvingly. So he put a gold-piece in the little fat hand—"from Uncle Nino".

The steamer got under way and Fowlis went back to his own deck. In a little while Palermo, with its flowers and perfume and song, was left behind in the flaming sunlight. Looking back Fowlis saw a dark cloud, creeping up over the hills. Slowly it rose and darkened until it seemed to hover over the city—a cloud that was like some monstrous bird, bloated and black, viscous-winged.

CHAPTER II.

The Tenement of Sleep

It was a month after he landed before Fowlis reached Grindover. Quarantine had held him for ten days and then he had been summoned to Washington. It was night when he reached the little New England city, after a dreary ride over the dusty hills. He asked his way to an hotel. There was one opposite the railway station. From the window of his bedroom he looked out on the main street of

Grindover. He was glad his business would keep him there only one day.

It was a city a hundred years old—perhaps two hundred years old; a city of thirty thousand inhabitants and in it there had never been anyone who was not just like everyone else; not a hero in the past, not an artist, not a man so slightly distinguished he was worth envying or emulating; a city undistinguished as a floor. By day it had an air of gritty activity; its factories hummed; but now the sloth of evening was upon it—coatless men lounged in front of the gritty shops, girls in white dresses paraded up and down in couples and looked sidewise at the men.

Fowlis got into bed. He had left his window open but the air, outside and in, was hot and bad. The heat was sickly and his room smelt of varnish and the domesticities of mice and stale linen. Travel-weary as he was he could not sleep. A clammy night, a gritty bed. A trolley-car banged and squealed along the street below his open window. Now and then a railway train passed; freight-cars were shunted noisily. He dozed off and woke again many times. At last the little city hushed its noise. He heard the sound of running water—a hill-fed river babbled through the town. For a long time he lay listening in the dark to the sly incantation of the little river. He was heavy with sleep and yet he could not sleep.

"I might as well get up," he said to himself, "there may be some air outside.

Outside no air was stirring. He walked down the dark, hot street. Through an open door light came and he saw old drunkards sopping ale at a tall, narrow bar. To his right a street turned down toward the river and he followed the wooden sidewalk till he came to a bridge. For a long time he stood looking down into the black water. His thoughts were sad. It was only since his return to his native land that he had realized how alone he was in the world. The long years in exile had stripped him of kin and friends. And he had nothing to look forward to save lonely years "in the service" at some musty outpost in the Far East—loneliness and laborious insignificance. And staring into the black water his thoughts seemed to materialize themselves and take shape. Each thought at birth, assumed a body; so there were no longer any mere ideas—the

spiritual world became concrete; filled with tangible forms and solid walls. He saw himself alone in the world; and his loneliness was apparent and real as a desert—lead grey in colour, limitless. No friend walked there. No woman came slowly to him across the desert. There were neither children nor birds.

He stood there a long time; then he walked on slowly. On the other side of the bridge loomed high black buildings, with here and there a lighted window. The doors opened on long wooden stairways, dimly lit with gas. At one corner was a grocery, with boxes and jars and strings of dried onions in the window. The door, too, was open and he could see through into a big lighted room. The noise of a jangling piano, the voice of a fiddle came out to him. Fowlis went in. There was no one in the shop. In the room beyond men and women were sitting at tables drinking wine. In the middle of the floor a dozen were dancing. They were Italians; and Fowlis understood; he had found his way into the Italian quarter and these were the "factory hands" trying as best might be, to forget the wheels and the gritty city in old-world music and wine. They laughed, talked, danced with fierce gaiety. The thick red wine had worked its intellectual alchemy, turning their thoughts to sunshine.

Fowlis took a seat at an empty table near the door; a smiling landlord brought him wine and welcomed him, but the others paid no heed; so he sipped his wine and watched them at his ease. At the opposite side of the room a woman was sitting on a bench; immediately he recognized her; she was the woman he had spoken to on the ship in the harbour of Palermo; certainly she was Lia—and the baby's fuzzy head was still burrowing between the flaps of her crimson boddice. He wanted to shout "Ohé Santoro!" and go to her and ask hera bout Nino and—what was the girl's name?—Mara; but Lia was talking at top speed with three women, and he waited.

The scene in the harbour came back to him; he could see the tall lad—"Ohé Santoro!"—posed on the skiff's edge snapping his fingers at the cholera and laughing up, with wine-y mouth and white teeth, at his sister. What a superb lad he was—supple and strong as a Mozarabian sword forged in the reign of the Magnanimous, that one could

throttle a bull with; and what a brave lover—proclaiming his love for Mara to the laughing crowd on the ship. Fowlis wondered whether he had indeed "come by the next boat." And a thought came to him of the dark and shadowy bird, viscous-winged, that hovered over Palermo.

Looking up he saw Santoro.

He had been dancing; a girl on his arm he came to the table next to that at which Fowlis sat drinking his wine. The bold lover seemed timid enough now. He stammered and hesitated as he talked to her; and she, too, seemed shy; there were deep pauses and hollows in their talk. The girl was wonderful. Thick hair was coiled on her head. Her face was delicate and white and she had the eyes of a black panther. She was slim in a dark skirt and a green boddice. The green was fierce and bright as a jungle. Round her neck was a string of amber beads. She looked at Santoro with admiration, as though he were something new and formidable.

Fowlis could not hear what they said to each other. He felt a strange sense of pity for himself, as though he were homeless and naked in the night. His heart ached with loneliness and he looked at the girl with eyes of hunger. The piano and the fiddle stopped. Mara got up quickly and looked round the room. One of the men who had been dancing came toward her and she went to meet him glancing back first at Santoro and then—with a look it was hard to understand—at Fowlis. And Fowlis could not tell whether she looked at him with curiosity or anger. She smiled briefly and faintly at Santoro and went out with the other man. Santoro groped under the table for his hat and, when he had found it, got up and moved toward the door. Fowlis waited until he had gone and then followed. It was only when he got into the street he remembered he had not paid for his wine. He did not go back. Of a sudden it seemed of immense importance that he should follow Mara—that he should follow her and Santoro—it was as if they were dragging him after them by a chain.

The night was black and hot. Warm dust eddied up under his feet. At one of the tall houses Mara and the man with her stopped; there was a flurry of laughter as she ran up the stairs; the man whistled and strolled back to the wine-shop. Santoro did not look at him as he passed; he

walked slowly down the street. At Mara's door he halted a moment, but she had vanished up the wooden stairs, and he went on to another tenement—the one next the bridge. Always Fowlis followed. The door of the tenement was open and a gaslight burned feebly in the hall. As Santoro entered he staggered, with sudden weakness and caught at the lintels with helpless, swaying hands. His legs crumpled under him, but before he fell, Fowlis got his long arm round him.

"Steady up, man," he said, "so—what's the matter? A touch of the heat?

Santoro's body, limp and tremulous, sagged in his arms and Fowlis could feel the heart in it pumping spasmodically. A very strange feeling came over him—a feeling he could not explain; it was as though this soft, wild, shaken thing in his arms were some fugitive part of himself that had come running home out of the ultimate years. For a minute, perhaps, he stood there holding the half-conscious lad; then "Easy—I must get you to your room—so!" Santoro gasped and moaned softly as Fowlis carried and hauled him up the steep stairs to the top of the house. There were many doors in the hall, but—without choice, without hesitation—Fowlis dragged his lax and heavy burden to a far door on the left. It opened to the thrust of his shoulder and gave into a dim room. Gently he laid his burden down on the bed.

"Ohé, Santoro," he said softly.

There was no answer—only a kind of thick sobbing and quick-drawn gasps.

The room was small and the ceiling so low Fowlis could hardly stand erect. There was a little light; it came from a yellow candle. On the floor was a canvas valise, packed and corded and labeled. The air in the room was dense and foul. The window was shut. Fowlis tried to push it up, but it would not move—as he tugged at it—it swung open like a door. A rush of air came in as though a little breeze were blowing—a fair breeze, laden with heavy odours of flowers and fruit and sunburned plants, and carrying snatches of song and laughter. A guitar twanged. The sky was blue enamel.

Dazed and shaking Fowlis turned and faced the room. The yellow candle was bickering.

He looked toward the bed and as he looked he screamed aloud. Santoro heard and struggled up lifting a terror-drawn face, with yellowing eyes and open mouth from which no sound came.

Over him hovered, shadowy, monstrous, a black thing with viscous wings, that dripped; and rotting eyes—it hovered slowly down as though to cover him with its wings of cloud and slime. Fowlis rushed at it with clenched hands, screaming; and as he struck it, what had been flapping blackness poured itself down upon him in liquid horror—on his hands and face and throat—

He was in his bed; in his room in the hotel; there was the smell of varnish and stale linen; it was still night; a cable-car passed in the street; Fowlis did not move hand or foot, but swift tremours ran through him and beat fiercely in his throat and breast; his brain was dizzy as though he had been looking down over the steep, ultimate edge and chasm of things.

III.

The Secret Chamber

The night seemed endless. He was awake and yet, staring into the obscurity of his banal room in the common hotel, he felt as though the dream remained—a dream persistent and indistructible as a cell in which he was condemned to pass his life. He could not drive away the thought that he had been wandering, not amid sterile nightmares, but in a world as permanent as it was mysterious. Until this night of strange things his life had been shallow and clear as a little stream of water. Now for the first time he looked into himself—looked through his artificial personality and daily soul—and glimpsed another self, more vehement, an older self with fiercer faculties and angrier needs.

Day came; he lay for a while and watched through his window the paling patch of sky; it was strung with rain like a fantastic harp.

"I've lived too long in the East," he told himself musingly, "I have eaten the madness of the East and drunk of its night-mare lies."

When he went out into the street the rain had stopped.

Casual life banged and spat and bustled about him and his dream let go its hold.

He had come to Grindover on business and he set his mind to it, The office of his lawyer was over one of the gritty shops. Fowlis found him there, shirt-sleeved, unshaven, his feet on a desk—a lean decisive man, withal, for in ten minutes the business was done and he had received a cheque for the legacy that lay ready for him. It was not large; the money would make some difference in his way of life—broadening and smoothing it out; but he could not afford to leave the service.

"And I've got a letter for you," said the lawyer, "yes, I gave 'em your address."

The letter was from the State Department and the first two lines informed him that his request, made at Washington, was granted; they had moved him from his hole in the Far East. Two lines more told him he had been assigned to Palermo. His first thought was of the fat Consul and his gloomy "It's hell! An' I've got a wife there!" So Clarke had fled from the black crosses and the carts that go along the streets all night.

"When is the next train for town?"

Fowlis had an hour to wait. He turned up the main street. The little city was not inviting—gritty factories and wooden churches painted the colour of sepulchres—but it was all new to him; for he had seen only the railway station, the hotel and what lay beneath his bed-room window. People in the shops. Early drunkards sopping ale. Cable-cars jangling on uneven wheels. On his right was a side street; he turned down it and came to a little river and a bridge. He halted, disturbed and uneasy.

"But I know this bridge," he said slowly.

Beyond was a street of tall wooden tenements. Multicoloured Italian rags hung from the windows. Children sprawled half naked in the muddy street. Somewhere a fiddle sang. Perhaps in the wine-shop at the corner. In one of the tenements a window on the ground floor was open and in the room he saw a woman sitting, with a child at her breast—as in the old pictures. He was not surprised; he knew that what was in his destiny was very near him now. He leaned on the sill and spoke to the woman.

"Lia, do you remember me?"

She had not forgotten; yes, he had been on the ship; he had been very kind to her and her little son; volubly, she would never forget—nor would Rocco, her man, who was at the factory; and she would never forget that ship of hell. She put her head down over the baby and rocked herself, sobbing. Fowlis knew that Santoro was dead; he said to her: "Is Santoro dead?"

"Three days after I saw him—three days—and he was dead."

"In Palermo?"

"The cholera killed him in Palermo."

Fowlis did not try to comfort her. What comfort was there for a death so cruel—the abrupt destruction of that wild and beautiful life? He could see Santoro, posing in the little skiff, laughter on his lips, bravado in his gold-flecked eyes—covered now by the viscous wings.

"Did you give his message to Mara?"

"To Mara, *vo' scia*?"

"You have forgotten the dance?"

"True I had forgotten," Lia said thoughtfully, "the girl he danced with that night here, before we went home on that journey of death. My poor Nino. He came here to take me to the ship, for Rocco could not leave his work. So that night we danced—yes there was a girl—at the wine-shop"—

Always she rocked and sobbed. And for Fowlis, he knew he had seen—in what brief parenthesis in the chaos of dreams!—Nino's first meeting with the girl; and their last parting. That hour, long ago a part of the irrevocable past, had been brought back for him in all its fixed and eternal reality. He had seen—he had not dreamed—their last parting; he had seen Mara rise and turn away from the table and her last glance had not been for Nino—it had been for him. Was it anger, curiosty, love—what had looked at him from those profound eyes?

He crossed the street; there was the doorway through which Mara had vanished in a flurry of laughter. He hesitated a moment before entering. Then he went up the narrow stairs to the third floor. In an open door Mara stood—he could see only her pale face and thick-coiled hair and the white of her gown. He did not speak and she, too

was silent, looking at him with wide eyes in which there was neither curiosity nor anger.

"You knew I'd come, Mara," Fowlis said at least.

She did not answer, but drew back that he might enter the room.

He had an impression of a white bed, of bright yellow flowers in vases, in the window, in the corners; there was a lace-making frame with dangling bobbins; in the window among the scentless flowers, a bird-cage. Mara sat in one of the wooden chairs and put her hand to her forehead as though there were pain there. Still she did not speak. She was younger than he had thought, paler, more childish, in her scant, soft dress of summer white. The thick hair was too heavy for her little head. He stood over her and said again: "Mara, you knew I'd come?"

"I do not know you," she said slowly and she lifted her eyes—they were vague and frightened—and studied his face.

"Why do you come here? No, I do not think I know you."

"Mara."

"You know my name and I do not know your name," she put out a hand as though she would push him away.

"Mara, I did not speak to you that night, but you saw me. I was sitting at the table."

She glanced up swiftly and then covered her face with her hands to shut him from her sight:—

"It is not true—it is not true—"

"It is true, Mara, I was alone at the table. I have always been alone. Until now, Mara."

He knelt down and took her hands gently in his own and uncovered her face.

"Could I forget your eyes, Mara?"

She did not take her hands away; a faint flush rose in her throat and cheeks; her lips parted; and she leaned toward him and stared into his eyes as though searching for the soul within.

"Is it you—is it you?" she whispered wonderingly; "you?"

"You remember, Mara?"

"I saw you once—at the table—months ago—and then every night since then you have come into my dreams—it is you?"

And Fowlis laughed aloud. It was laughter, ecstatic, exultant, savage—such as his quiet life had never known. And sudden joy flashed in him, so keen it seemed to tear the very tissue of his life. And from his eyes looked out that other self—new-risen and fierce and glad—and met her glad, fierce eyes. She gave a quick cry and drew the man to her. And her kiss burned into him like old remembered fire. It shook his soul with savage memories of some anterior life through which they had raced hand in hand. So well he knew the familiar path to her heart and to its entrance and to its secret chamber—

The bird sang shrilly among the scentless flowers; but they did not hear the song of the bird in its cage—

That was another Fowlis who journeyed oversea to his Sicilian post. He had drunk of the red cup and laughter and wine were on his lips. They sailed over a summer sea into the harbour of Palermo. The sky was blue enamel; a little breeze, heavy with the odour of flowers and fruit and sunburned plants, came from the shore. Leaning on the rail, Mara looked at the city, white and green, with the eyes of a homing bird—and he read the meaning in her eyes.

"Yes, that is home," he said.

"It is heaven," she answered, for all the bright beauty of Sicily called to her aloud. Fowlis smiled down at his wife, happy in her happiness and drew her to his side. A sudden fear struck at his heart; he looked toward the hills; in blue serenity they met the serene blue of the sky; there was no cloud in all the radiant air—no shadowy wings—

The Living and the Dead

By Marie Russak

A Vision of Peace and War

Once upon a time a woman, called the Seeker sat in silent musing, and only nature and her thoughts bore her mute company. It was the hour when night began to close the opalescent cloud lids of the eye of day upon its crimson pupil as it flashed a farewell glance. Long streaming lashes of the lingering rays of light remained to kiss goodnight the flowers and close their petal-arms around their pollened hearts and tuck them in their breeze-rocked cradles for the night. And too, they lighted soft the guardian lamps in fireflies flitting forms, to chase away rude fairy goblins of the dark. The world was soon in sleeping silence, and the Seeker mused on.

Her mind was filled with many happy memories of earlier years which she had spent in philosophic study among the peoples now at war. She recalled how many of them cordially had clasped her proffered hand as guest and made her part and parcel of their fireside's happiness. The verdant lands of France which swept from meadowed Brittany, with its quaint and charming villages, to the Riviera's cobalt shores and on into the more aesthetic Italy. It seemed to her their filled-to-overflowing granaries of science, literature and art, were friendly rivals which were not only feeding their own people with a fulsome measure, but sharing too their precious grains with all the other nations of the earth.

She also well remembered years in Germany when plenteous fertile fields smiled on a thrifty people. And her friends in quaint *gemuetlich* homes, and quainter still (in contrast to a universal hospitality) the words '*verboten*' and '*hab' acht*' on little signs in streets and corners everywhere. There was one special visit she recalled to the City of Berlin, that place so modern that the stately domes of royal palace vied with seas of factory chimneys in their lofty architectural aspirations. But some protected re-

gions of the city were of much impressive beauty, with widely spreading gardens, art and music everywhere. One happy day disclosed the opportunity to view the passing royal carriage, as it proudly rolled along in all its scarlet glory near those dark low monuments of verdant grace—the rows of world-famed linden trees. The Kaiser and his Kaiserin were driving there, amid the thundering plaudits of their people. Not e'en the dust and dirt of crowded streets could check the royal courtesy of stately dames, whose bended knees should touch the ground, and loyalty and service follow too. Nor yet could aught retard the fleet salute of officers, whose quickly-drawn-together booted spur-bound heels sounded forth the klinking second for his hand to touch his cap, there to rivet his attention to his king, and to remain till nothing more could aught be seen of royal scarlet wheels a-turning round and round.

How proud he was to be a part of that great army of his country where there was no greater honor, not even that of far-famed musician or philosopher. It was an army land and ever its ideal of war was seen in the smallest children who, while listening to the singing soldiers passing in the street, seized long sticks for their imaginary guns and for a time marched proudly strutting on, then quickly paused to print with weapon's end that magic word '*soldat*'—their greatest hope—upon the soft receptive child-slate of the sand.

Dear old England! with its proud ancestral heritage and culture and refinement everywhere; its intellectual and governmental genius which organized and colonized with power and aptitude. She seemed an active mother who took the produce from the market of the various lands, especially her own, and boiled it into pure food essence, then served it out again, to give them strength for life, religious freedom and an education.

One visit there, of which the Seeker had such vivid memories, was made when there were joyous celebrations for the much beloved Victoria's Jubilee, and which were voicing for the people one and all their love and loyalty. America as England's daughter gladly joined with them and with the many other nations paying her respectful, grateful homage.

The Seeker's thoughts then turned in pity to another

country she had loved, poor Belgium—now a ruined kingdom. It seemed impossible to realize the doom of such a very gentle people in such happy homes. The treasure shrines of Bruges had given her true pleasure. And Brussels too so proudly situate on splendid hills which held aloft (that one might better view them) its architectural beauties, long reaching colonades and jewelled domes—those blue-cupped bits of sky that art had wrested from the vault of heaven to top the mansions of the earth, and bring the far-off mystifying constellations of the stars a little nearer to the wondering eyes of men. Its royal palaces, so sheltered within vast elysian gardens, where soft gurgling waters laughingly escaped the confines of the rippling restless fountains, then took short breathing spells in tiny pools along the brooklet's edge, not even then was their soft bubbling course complete, for they were carried on across the gaping precipice, to fall and blend in gladsome union with the stately river far beneath; nor yet could tarry here, but soon were lifted up to heaven upon the rays of summer heat that shone from out the yearning heart-throbs of the lord of day, and his vassals seized the soaring drops of misty irridiscent splendor and wove them in a cool transparent veil before his face, to shield the tender drooping flowers from the ardor of his gaze.

But now 'twas other things besides the ones of older days that passed in quick review before the thoughtful muser's gaze. She saw the wrecked and desolated homes of friends in all these lands; the fathers, sons, the lovers, brothers slain, the broken-hearted mothers, the deep despair of widows, the little starving children. And alas! the outraged guiltless women with their nameless unborn babes, and the unwed homeless mothers everywhere. And far afield there boomed the roar of cannon amidst unending armies, whizzing whirr and shriek of air-craft dropping death-inflicting bombs that rent and burned fair houses, desecrated shrines and riddled spiretops which while tottering clung to air. These pictures of those well-beloved regions led the shrinking horror-stricken vision o'er the pathways of an all-consuming monstrous wroth of war.

The Seeker's tears fell fast in heartfelt pity and in sympathetic answer to such a wide world's awful pain; she raised her arms and stretching them towards the stricken

groaning peoples, wished that pinioned wings might bear her to them, so that her arms encircling them might lift them all and carry them away to her beloved land of joy and peace. When lo! she felt her soul had quickly answered to the yearning impulse and soaring left its earthly prison far beneath. She was swiftly borne along through far removed distances of space, as if some deep impelling force invisible were guiding her to seek an unknown resting place. Still on she swept 'till city, home and field and mountain were all lost in distant rosy splendors of the clouds; around her were but rising, swinging waves of ocean that seemed the beckoning watery arms of restless elementals of the deep.

At last she paused to wonder what strange chance had led her here, and only then she felt that she was not alone. She saw a radiant friendly Presence at her side, and felt that someone touched her hand with gentle contact, which impelled her on in some mysterious guiding manner; it was as sure as that strange power obscure that now was guiding flights of birds which, sweeping past her from the north, were seeking summer climes as if they'd always known the way.

Then that strange Presence spoke in tones that were as soundless sounds that thrilled vibrating whispers of its meaning to a deeper sympathetic consciouness: "Have courage Seeker, come now with me and let us cross the distances of our great world without, but journeying through realms of worlds much greater still which lie within. A short while since, your eyes perused the journal of the outer printed page of war, which is but only half of that dread story; but now the eyes of other than the earthly vision being loosed, come read the inner record of that completing other half which I shall now explain to you, that it may speak and teach the story of the whole.

"And since we are to study thus together that which is akin, yet widely differing in nature from the things of earth, control your thoughts and, what is equally important have no fear of anything. I must thus warn you 'gainst your mind and fear, for otherwise the things which you shall see and I explain, cannot be seen and known by you as they in truth exist, if former knowledge or ideas intrude themselves into the thoughts or are beclouded by emotion's

fluttering wings of feeling, be they caused by the desire, by fears, or by a mind distraught. Content yourself with concentrated full intensity of questioning and know that nothing here can cause a harm to you, if you're governed by sufficient courage, confidence and will.

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"In this new land of travel you have no need of air craft or of other vehicle, inasmuch as your own will has power to carry you to all the regions of the world. Upon the earth the power of will is servient to matter, which is dense and heavy as your body too and needs activity its ready bondman to lend the necessary circumstance and aid the restless will's behests. And hours of time are the long-suffering milestones of events, that mark the road of traveller's way, nor do they cease in their reminding him of breadths and lengths of weary journeyings, till the last hour's stone marks out his grave. But here the world of travelling is other; in these less dense and more abstractly subtle regions, activity responding to the will, is as a wing that makes our journeys possible without the measuring of time, nor need of feet, nor hands, nor eyes, nor other things of earth, nor is there any death such as you understand.

"From former habits of your thought, you think that you must use your eyes to see, and that those searchlight messengers must ever serve the sense of sight and carry back reflection's answer to the mind. You think your ears are necessary captive shells that serve as doors to inner caves which catch a sound and echo its full meaning to the brain. You think that you must thus extend your hand which acts as 'twere a necessary branch of vine, so it may clasp and wind its tendril round my hand, that I may safely guide you through this land. But all these things are naught but mind's automatism, born of an eternity of days of sense, and do on earth obtain until the higher truth is taught to those who seek it, that they may the better serve. Come let us hence."

A little farther on the Seeker saw what she believed to be a flight of eagles, or other monster birds of prey, coming toward her and directly in her path, but as they swept on nearing her she noticed they were not such

winged things as these, but a large flotilla's fleet of airmen bent on ravages of war. She begged the Presence leading her, to shield and guide her to a place of safety till the dreadsome things had passed. He smiled benignly, then hastened to explain that they could rest quite safely where they were and watch them fearlessly, since they could neither touch nor bring them harm. And this was true; ever nearer, sweeping, winging, they approached and one of them a swaying monoplane, passed through their bodies as though to trap and carry them away. But in fact it was no more disturbing than a whirlwind of the air torn by the force of wind. It was feelings of great awe and wonder that took the place of fear, when the Seeker realized the happenings of such a great phenomenon. And as these fierce air monsters of the war whirled on and flew away through clouds and disappeared, the protecting Presence said:

"You are surprised that that great aeroplane could pass us through without the slightest harm unto our forms, and imagine we've experienced a very strange phenomenon and that in some mysterious way I shielded you. Be not decieved, but let me first explain somewhat the structure of this world in which we find ourselves, and then you'll see that such a thing is nothing more than what is natural.

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"All things existing, from the glories of the realms of highest heaven to the farthest depths of earth within, are related to each other in a three-fold union from their birth. They rest in ever-present and sustaining power—the will of the Supreme. The cosmic matter in all things create, be it in human form, in worlds or smallest atoms, holds ever wedded in a close embrace its opposite, called Life or Spirit. And within these two there is a third, the consciousness, a nuptial benediction, and which with them bestows upon the world a perfect triune grace. When they came forth as one, yet separate in individual purpose, they left no place in all the field of Cosmos void. Arising in an unimagined subtlety of three-fold germ quintessence—matter, life and consciousness—they gushed from out the hidden source supreme of the Unmanifest, into the Temple of the Manifest, and with His Will and Plan impressed

upon them, issued from its Portal. The cosmic Consciousness was borne along upon the world-wide pinions of all cosmic Life and of all cosmic Substance, as they winged away upon their mission to create a world from out the essence of themselves.

"The farther out in space they penetrated, towards the circumscribed elliptic of a universe to be created, the more rapidly the substance coalesced, continually increasing in its density and burying ever deeper life and consciousness till at last the planet of our world was born, amid a whirling mass of other stars. And when they'd crossed the fields of *involution*, sowing seeds of *latent faculties* and their own expansive impulse had completely spent itself within the limits of the sweeping world's elliptic, the day of *evolution* dawned and the growing and the harvesting of *active potencies* began.

"The substance built all forms; were they as rocky fissures, or leaping fire from breast of proud volcano, or the falling waters cooling parched throats of whirling atoms, or the travail of the birth of hurricanes from the fertile womb of rushing airs, or the feathered filmy fibre of its own translucent wing. Each atom of this substance contacting surfaces of globuled space, caused vibratory sounds peculiar to itself; these in their inherent nature numbered problems mathematical, and figures infinitesimal, yet so complicate in universal use, that volumes of your trigonometry would fail to solve them, since the key lies deep within the sounds of wondrous harmony in each and in a myriad of circling rainbow hues.

"The life and consciousness within the form are also parents of vibration sound and color, yet each conserves its own distinctive crasis. When Substance moulds the form, 'tis life that makes the substance active in the moulding, and the consciousness is joyful thinker that establishes a unified relationship between the two.

"Still more, O Seeker let me yet explain, since humanity in general, owing to the stage of evolution with which it is commensurate, understands alone, and even then but partially, the regions of the form and life, which are borne witness by the agent of the waking consciousness, Both the world men see around them and the bodies which they wear are but a minor part of those extensive regions which form a

comprehensive whole. And too, beginning with the things they comprehend as solid, there is a constant increase in their motion of atomical constituents, which brings to pass decreasing possibility in particles to coalesce. This increase in vibration is what causes the solidity to be finally resolved into fluidity, as the melting into water of a solid piece of ice; growing still in vibratory motion, the water changes to a hissing stream which swift dissolves into the lighter air, and this again to tenuous clouds of ether on and on, nor finishes where normal vision fails, but melts and melts through endless relatively resemblant realms of an external cosmic Actual until they merge into unmanifest quintessce of an intra-cosmic Virtual.

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"The purpose of this explanation, earnest Seeker, is such that you may realize that even though you are in subtler regions there still is present form and life and thought; you yourself, by being here today with me, have proven this as true, and that these powers are not, as is mistakenly believed, discarded in the denser form at death as only part of life on earth. You've left your earthly body lying in a gentle sleep, yet so far as you can judge, you still have eyes and ears and hands and feet and form, which all seem equally as tangible. You're now composed of subtler form and life and consciousness, with senses corresponding to them in this realm, which cannot be impeded by the solids, liquids, gases, airs or ethers from which you've merged, nor are they e'en contacted by them, except by those which lie immediately contiguous and which mould caressing counterparts. You were not harmed by that fleet areoplane, your subtle form permitting it to pass directly through you, as it travelled on the planes less subtle than your own, while but your higher vision viewed its counterpart in substance much more volatile, but lying just above itself."

The Presence and the Seeker now passed rapidly along upon their way. The latter soon observed a large imposing structure, sheltered by tall trees and situate on flow'ry banks of a swiftly flowing river. She asked what it could be and where they were. "We are in France and that large edifice before the war began was a charming private home, a

chateau filled with wealth and life and happiness. But now it is a friendly hospital that welcomes wounded soldiers; come let us draw a little nearer it." They saw that cots for many sufferers were placed upon the outer window balconies and in the cooler gardens by the river underneath the splendid spreading trees. The Seeker then desired to enter that she night view the wards within, suggesting that they find an entrance place; descending she began to walk along the driveway leading to a lowered draw-bridge near the gates. The patient Presence smiled and then reminded her that she not must be guided by misleading earthly habits of the mind, but instead must realize that she was in a subtle form and therefore had no need to walk along, nor of a door by which to enter and thus reach the inside halls; since she could pass at will through any intervening space or any solid structure without the least resistance or halting in her pace. In another instant he had seized and swept her through the great forbidding walls into the midst of rows and rows of beds, upon which lay the wounded men, amid rich hanging draperies, priceless painted masterpieces and other works of art, in pillared corridors and stately lofty halls. With unceasing vigil the sufferers were faithfully attended by patient gentle nurses, skillful doctors and by priests reciting prayers for those whom death was happily releasing from shockingly macilent mained bodies. The Presence, seeing looks of inquiry upon the Seeker's face explained:

"You wonder why these people one and all seem centers of soft circling oblong spheres of many-colored shimmering particles of light, and look much as the city street-lamps' rounded globes appear, when viewed upon a dark and slightly misty night, through glass panes of the windows of your home. You are marvelling at what is known to occult students as the individual aura, made of three-fold general substance I have just described to you; each man has segregated parts of it unconsciously and made a realm particular unto himself, in which he always lives and dwells. It is the counterpart of which I spoke, existing immediately contiguous to all objective things; its nature being much more complex in the human than in the counterparting substance of the aeroplane. Science in these modern days has found an instrument that makes it possible to view

the wonders of its action, by some serious investigators, whose normal vision is a little more extended than the rest.

"The foundation of the aura is composed of cosmic substance, divided and made more varied by the action of molecular complexity answering to the individual necessity. It streams from out the Godhead center of one's being, in well-defined and numbered rays of light. In and out these streams, as in a basket weaving, run the particles of moving matter, themselves magnetically attracted or repelled by strong inherent tendencies within each individual. The acts, emotions and the thoughts are the creators that utilize the apt surrounding substance and hold it fast within the confines of each particular periphery.

Every person hall-marks this fluidic elemental being, (that is no other than himself) as does a mother, shielding close within herself the unborn babe, unconsciously prenatally impressess it with good or bad inherent tendencies.

"Do you remember what I taught you of numerical vibration, sound and color? Observe that watchful nurse who stands beside the cot so near to us. See the clouds of rose and lavender that envelop her and then flow on into the troubled aura of the wounded man, searching out the needful troubled spots—a much more potent healing balm than ever could be purchased from a chemist's shop. The rosy light arises from affection's kind solicitude; its presence soothes and calms the restless patient and when the nurse becomes imbued with thoughts and feelings of devotion to her consecrated duty and to her patient's needs, there springs to life an answering tender blue. This winds its willing arms around her and blends swiftly with the softer rose, creating those pale hues of floating lavender a binding healing light around the wound she's dressing with such loving care. Alas! she does not dream what other such assistance she could render if she but possessed full knowledge of those higher healing potencies that answer to the will.

"Observe the waves of golden yellow and of green which rise and weave themselves around the head of that physician who so skillfully performs an operation in that glass rotunda to our left. These demonstrate that his intelligence is called in constant requisition and his sympathy (those flitting dots of tender green) is pictured in the yellow light as tiny shooting stars of jade. He's searching for a

cruel bullet hiding near the soldier's heart and since that organ lies within the yellow chakram center, that same color in the doctor's aura, quite unbeknownst to him, is streaming forth to bathe and stimulate the patient's weakened heart, unconscious servant of a concentrated will and intent purpose on the doctor's part.

"Come nearer Seeker. Let us now observe that wounded Frenchman lying there, whose hand is stretching out beyond his couch as agonizing groans break from his lips. See the man who's tossing back and forth upon the cot-bed next his own, a German, who also writhes in agonies of pain. By chance their wandering hands are meeting and are clasping too; each answers other with a friendly pressure—mute symbol of a suffering comrade's sympathy. They raise their weary heads in simultaneous wish to see each other and note with startled look that they are enemies of war. Commiseration swift erases such a rude dividing memory and copious streams of rose and green rush into them and chase away the stiffling clouds of deep depression's grey, that previously enshrouded them; they smile and neither looses hold of other's hand; instead a real bond is made, which in such times of war was thought impossible and seeds of universal brotherhood are sown as each murmurs to the other "*pauvre ami*" and "*ach, mein lieber Freund.*"

"Look above us, Seeker, and observe the crowds of other sympathetic nurses, doctors, priests and friends who no longer wear their earthly pris'ning bodies, but who, since sleep, as well as death, has set them free, have sought this place to render such assistance as is possible, but concerning which the sufferers never know nor ever see. Watch that French nurse who's in the body of the earth, and who exhausted with long weary hours of patient vigil through the night, sending up a silent prayer to heaven for greater strength. The prayer has formed that little dark blue cloud that rising, floats away on its appealing mission. And lo! one of those Helpers on the planes invisible, trained to such loving acts of service, catching sight of it came to it, then with a sense as sure as that of homing pigeon, flew to answer its creator. Seeing the poor nurse who in great weariness had sunken down exhausted by the bed, she threw her arms determinedly around her; then summoning

her strength of will, with forceful purpose, she filled the reservoirs of her depleted aura, with a fulsome measure of vitality and strength. This quickly entered unimpeded and carried there such precious potencies, that they revived the fainting forces of the wearied nurse. She, feeling suddenly much strengthened, silently rejoiced that she had prayed and been so quickly answered. Then the Helper of the realms invisible passed rejoicing on her ministering way. "O, Seeker, 'tis the ignorant who do not understand the power and place of prayer who dare to scoff at it!"

"Watch that other unseen Helper too, a doctor who bends low above the aura of the faithful and exhausted army surgeon whose skill and knife are called as acting agents for a sacrifice. Great weakness from his constant work, and sympathy so keen are dangers, menacing his arm and causing it to tremble as he removes a limb, but the quiet unseen Helper pours upon it the electric blue of peace, sustaining it, and the weary doctor does his work with a surer steadier hand.

"Do you observe that child invisible clasped to its father's breast? The body of the father is the one on which the tired surgeon operates as the unseen Helper holds his arm to steady it. The suffering soldier's soul has been released, but only for the necessary time, by somnolent effect of anaesthesia. The little one was killed in an undefended village, by a bomb that fell upon a humble dwelling. She really adored her father and he in turn loved her with such a deep uniting power, that in the days before the war they were inseparate. When she was killed, about five minutes since, the little soul longed for its father first and that strong yearning brought it to his arms, as fast as on an arrow's point. The father, being for the moment free, they clasped each other close and thus forgot their separating infelicity.

"You saw that lofty pyramid of particles of rosy light that shot into the air in answer to the strong vibrations of their love; those particles will fall again and bathe and soothe the suffering soldiers in this hospital for hours. Thus do all persons in the world either bless or curse their own immediate environment. And you have seen in all these cases, that such vibrations in the substance have given forth much aid; now let me show you what arises in far

more general conditions, then you will understand that if such potencies can be administered unconsciously by their unknowing benefactors, what could be done if they, while understanding all the hidden laws and powers within their thoughts and their emotions, would create deliberately these willing messengers of mercy and send them on their way."

The Presence quickly led the Seeker to an inner realm and passed in swift review the several warring countries. Hovering o'er each were thousands upon thousands of its long dead, who had gathered in a body and were uniting in their prayers and sacred songs—a vast religious service for their suffering people. The forces of benificence and power thus created, by the very weight of their inherent mission, in a cloud of radiant glories sank to earth and spreading far and near, found refuge in the armies,hospitals and stricken villages, and in the hearts of homeless refugees. The beauty and the wonder of the thing was almost overwhelming. And yet it was so simple and so natural—a service of sweet song and prayer in heaven, which was unconsciously releasing stores of blessings for a suffering earth.

Purposely the Presence now descended to a dictrist where a furious battle raged, that the Seeker there might view the opposite vibrations to the good. The battlefield here seemed a large and dreadful conflagration which resembled what the Seeker still remembered she had seen—a well of natural oil that by some accident was burning with a spreading sea of flaming oil surrounding it.

It spouted towering flames of fire amid exploding gases, which discharged great rolling masses of a slimy dirty smoke. The Presence told the Seeker that these dread effects in battle were not coming from the strife upon the earth. The smoke was brown and muddy green and cloudy grey, created by the thoughts and feelings of contention. The brilliant scarlet fire and jagged forked lightning was the irritation and the anger of the combatants and which now and then exploded as obnoxious gases did within the well. Around them covering all, were rolling clouds of darkish grey arising from the feelings of despair, and from the groaning, suffering, wounded dying soldiers—it was a scene of horror everywhere. Now and then the great-

er unseen Helpers descended in large numbers and carried off great masses of these clouds of baleful forces and disappeared with them within the earth, thus desiring to protect the neighboring region from their foul contamination, and from receiving added fuel to its warring fires of fury.

Again large hosts of Helpers would descend and gather in their arms great numbers of the souls which had been liberated, who not knowing they were dead, fought hard their enemies, side by side with comrades still in life—a furious battle of the living and the dead. The Helpers carried them away far from the scenes of tumult and where the deep vibrations from the strife could never penetrate. The Seeker marvelled at such ministering and wished that all who grieve for their beloved dead could see how guarded, comforted and blessed they were. On every side were hosts who hovered o'er the tumults waiting for the souls to rescue them as soon as possible and then to teach them of the higher, wider life; and that they could also in their turn help others of the dead and dying in the strife.

Still farther on the Presence led the Seeker through the battle lands and o'er many other scenes of desolation, till she felt that she must see no more. On reaching home, he urged that she should ponder well the things she'd seen and to remember all that he had thus explained to her. And not to sorrow over horrors of the war, since they were well recorded in the Temple of all Justice—where dwelt the Holy Keepers of the Law—the Ministers of the Supreme.

The Seeker found she was alone again. In deep reflection she now turned her mind to friends so well beloved in foreign lands amid the warring countries and it wrung her heart in love and sympathy for them. She pondered on the thought of that great Temple and the Holy Keepers of the Law, whose hands sustained that world-wide swinging pendelum of justice, with its tick of jot and tock of tittle, swinging in and out the sequence of events, till time should strike fulfilment's hour at last, which thund'ring through their Halls of Justice would be answered back by echo of their voices, loosing destiny with *consummatum est.* And then the Seeker's thoughts found speech:

"Inform us O Ye Lords, (if 'tis Your will) the cause of all this war and sacrifice. Since it can only rise from causes which through ages upon ages of the past have so

offended Your divine and lawful precepts, that make necessary universal payments of such warring requisition, what were the things done and left undone if such there be, by these great nations who are grappling in such strife? Has any one of them in times gone by so wronged the laws of others, or so robbed and pillaged other countries, that it must now in its own turn pay equal price? Has any one of them so failed to learn a necessary lesson of some truth, which in the past it had ignored, that You need seize these warring circumstances to impress it with sufficient force? Or have the weak conditions of some smaller nations, possessing greater stores of principle than power, been used to teach a world the wholesome lesson of a glad and glorious sacrifice? Or have the ages in the past of all these nations raised barriers of such definitely separating kinds, that they must now by war be torn asunder and razed to the ground? Can thus 'old scores' be happily adjusted and a structure of great future unity and brotherhood be built? For, Ye Lords, 'tis also said that even Ye and your intrinsic will, oft seize and use both good and ill of circumstance and and make full use of both the strong and weak, when that dread hour is come and your great scales of justice are brought forth, to dip and dole of guerdon or punition as they mete,

How then shall fare your scales, Ye Lords of Justice, when Ye shall measure all the tears, the blood and patriotic sacrifice of peoples of whatever warring land, who've been innocent of wrong and who have served and suffered, fought and died, they they might carry to fullfilment the purpose of their Emperor's command? Lend us Thy pure compassion, O Ye Lords, and take our minds, so limited and so confused by outer vision of the horror of these scenes, into your steadying balances, lest our tottering, earthly judgment fall, and rage and condemnation rush against one or another of the peoples, whom the world's great Teacher taught that we much cherish equally and well.

O, raise our minds and hearts instead, to that high altar of fraternal Love within your holy Temple, where alone we learn from Ones so lofty, how only righteous judgment can be made. Come forth, Ye Accolites! come forth and swing the censors, swing them high and swing them low, around, beyond, above, below! Let the perfume of sweet

incense purify our hearts, our thoughts, our acts, our pen and be a symbol of our brotherhood unto a world of men.

The heavy nebula of incense rose and filled the Temple, streaming on and ever higher, and the lower wambling war scenes fled before the cloud-veiled vision. The perfumed nimbus swift efformed weird phantom figures near the altar, which appeared to pass and repass, while picturing strange pantomines, in stately fashion of religious dancing, to rhymed measures of a sweet celestial music. The central nave of that great Temple, around the sacred altar, now filled with thronging souls of whatever warring nation, and whose lives had been so nobly sacrificed in service to their countries. They joined the singing of the hosts invisible, and chanted on united in a wondrous harmony that rose and filled an echoing heaven of space, and loosed a rain of falling flowers upon a world of soldier's silent graves:

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.

Prayer in the Desert

Alone in the Desert I kneel and pray,
The caravan slowly moves on apart
The desert surrounds me all hushed and still
I would that its stillness might fill my heart.
Allah! Thou God of the day and night
Bless now my people and give them Light.

Alone in the desert, hear thou my prayer
For out of the depths of my heart I pray—
My people in darkness and fear abide
In paths of ignorance, they helpless stray.

Allah! Thou God of the day and night
Bless now my people—and give them Light.
Great Allah, to Thee I Pray.

LOUISE R. WAITE.

The Miracle Man of Chino

In a little town on the edge of the desert they arrested a healer and put him in jail. It was the usual sort of prosecution. Behind it was the State Medical Board. The inspectors of the Board going darkly about their business, had discovered in the Mexican quarter of Chino a strange, little man, who (without being a medical man properly qualified to collect fees) was healing the sick and making the blind to see. So they put him in jail; and a mournful cry rose from the village—the wailing of Mexicans —when their "miracle man" was taken.

Whence these facts: August 31, 1915, the healer was tried in the Superior Court, at San Bernardino, before Judge H. T. Dewhirst and a jury; the prosecution brought forward witness after witness to prove that said Armando Dominguez, the healer, had most unlawfully made the blind to see, thereby "practising medicine without a license"; witness after witness; one woman lifted up her little son, who had been blind from birth—and now he saw; victims of tuberculosis who had been healed gave evidence under oath; a cloud of witnesses, until the prosecution said: "This is our case."

The lawyer who had defended Armando Dominguez, shrugged his shoulders indifferently; he admitted his client had indeed healed these blind and stricken people; but—and this was the point at issue—he had done it without fee and without price; and he left the case to the jury. It was a sane jury made up of business men, ranchers, orange-growers. Obscurely it felt that in this case there was more than the anger of fee-hungry physicians—more than a technical point of law. Something deep and unexpected had come to the surface—something ancient as the magic that broods on the desert; and of one accord the jurymen set the healer free.

These were the facts that got themselves told in the daily newspapers of Southern California. When I had read them I said to one of the editors of The Channel (I could not say it to the other editor, without soliloquizing) that I should like to have word with this man of Chino.

"*Et moi aussi.*" she said.

It was early in the morning, a sauve day. Her motor car was had round to the door and the *chauffeur* (a grave, silent uncontradictory man) touched his cap as we got in.

"Drive out to Ontario, Henri."

Ontario is in San Bernardino County, a few miles from Chino, and the man we wanted to see was Archie D. Mitchell, the City Attorney, who had secured the acquittal of the miracle man.

"Armando has gone on to his home in Chino," said the lawyer; and he was kind enough to accompany us in our search for the healer. We motored out through a patchy world. And this very patchiness is what fascinates one in this Western country. Here is the glory (and gold) of oranges and flaming flowers; you pass through it and find yourself in a patch of naked desert—sand and gasping vegetation. And if another day you come that way someone may have sprinkled water on that desert place and, lo, it is a blaze and perfume of flower and fruit. A world of miracles.

And we drove into the long, dusty main street of Chino. Eucalyptus trees, with tall, indecently naked stems, pepper trees, camphor trees, little wooden houses set in tangled gardens and overrun with flowering vines; a line of shops, a few brick buildings, timber church-spires; and, far-off, a broad, huge, creamy building, the School—for there is something formidable in California's towering worship of education.

Then, a little house of sun-cracked boards, standing in an unfenced, rambling garden—this was the home of the miracle man of Chino. Under a great tree sat an old man, incredibly obese, rubbing oil into a leather strap. Nearby, her hands on her hips, stood a young Mexican woman—a soft, dark, pretty girl—the healer's wife. The obese Mexican was her father.

"Is your husband at home?" the lawyer asked her.

She shook her head; her Armando had come home from the jail at San Bernardino that day at dawn; after talk with his family he had gone out into the town. We sought him in the town of Chino. There was a theory that Rehr, the druggist, might know where he was; Rehr, the druggist, did not know where he was; and Olin Stark, the City Marshall,

did not know; a pleasant, fat man, "who had been a newspaper man" did not know. And Mr. Mitchell was indefatigable. Japhet in search of a father was nothing to Mr. Mitchell in search of his client. He questioned the tall postmaster; he cross-examined countless Mexicans idling in the shade. Armando Dominguez had been here, had been there, had come and gone; and he was not to be found.

We searched the Mexican quarter—squat little houses in dusty lanes—gardens filled with parched flowers and masses of rusty Egyptian corn; every where half-naked babies rolling in the dust and dark-eyed girls, clinging to each other, and giggling. At last one of the editors of The Channel spoke. It was that editor to whom I can speak without soliloquizing. And she said: "I think he is being shaved." It was a reasonable conjecture—based on no psychic mechanism. In the Mexican quarter of Chino what is not a billiard room is a barber shop; and it is evident that when the male population is not getting its hair curled and greased, it is playing billiards. I looked in them all, vainly; no Armando.* Then the editor (of whom I have spoken) said: "How foolish this is—I will go and get him—wait here! And so with a a "*Depechez-vous, Henri*!" to the *chauffeur*, she motored off, leaving Mr. Mitchell and me in the dust and commoness of the street. In five minutes, in ten, she came again and in the *tonneau* of the car, was a slim young man, with a dark Spanish face and curiously drowsy-looking eyes—a man in black clothes and a wide black hat—Armando Dominguez, the healer, the miracle man of Chino.

He was glad to see his lawyer; he shook him by the hand and thanked him for freedom. And then we had word of the miracles—as thousands of Mexicans and many Americans, incapable of scepticism, persist in calling his astounding cures.

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*Mrs. Russak a little later located Armando psychically by no effort of will on her part for of herself she would not have tried to trace him with the inner vision. We had gone with a relation of Armando to a house at which some of his friends lived. There were several of them in the garden and one of them was shaving another under a tree (Hence perhaps the former impression of his being in a barber-shop). The man with us went in. Suddenly Mrs. Russak said that Armando was not there, but was about a quarter of a mile away coming out of a little green cottage and turning into a street leading towards the village. She said he was small, slim, dressed in a dark woollen suit with a wide brimmed hat on; almost all the other men were dressed in cotton—white, blue or khaki—the usual Mexican dress in summer. His relation soon rejoined us and I dashed off on the trail suggested by Mrs. Russak. We found Armand there, dressed as she had described him, and he had been in a little green cottage calling on another relation. Perhaps Mrs. Russak will sometime tell us how she could see and describe a person whom she had never met, but had only read about in the newspaper. Henri.

And He Gave Sight to the Blind

Armando Dominguez is twenty-seven years old. He was born in Porto Rico, where his father is a druggist and dispensing chemist. Shortly after the Spanish-American war Armando went to the Philippines, where he was employed in the Quartermaster's department. Six years ago he came to California. The greater part of that time he has lived among the Mexicans of Ontario or Chino. For five years, at least, Mr. Mitchell has known him as an honest man. A year ago he was married. These are the essential facts in his biography. He is fairly well educated, speaking excellent English and Spanish, and having a tolerable knowledge of Latin. Withal his life has been poor and obscure. Through it, however, there has run a curious and (to him) mysterious power. Even as a boy he was able, he states, merely by looking at a person stricken with disease "to tell what was the matter with him". He could see what malady it was that crept in the blood, or knocked at the heart, or glazed the eyes, or twisted the muscles, or defiled the stomach. This is the power which has been given, in French psychology, the name of clairvoyant diagnosis. It is one of the accepted facts of clairvoyance. If you should ask Armando—as I used to ask the healers of the Basque country and the Brie—how he makes his diagnosis, he would answer, as they answered: "I do not know—I see it.'" He looks at the patient and knows; that is all. Witness after witness, both in the preliminary examination and at his trial in the Superior Court, described this way he had of making a diagnosis simply by looking at the patient. There was, for instance, Leo Villa, twenty-nine years old, living in Chino, at his request Armando came to his house. Here I quote the court record:

Question:—What did he say to you?

Answer:—Nothing more than that he asked me if I was sick and I told him yes.

And the drugs? His prescriptions, the druggist asserted, were all for simple and harmless drugs—familiar as rhubarb. And indeed Armando is a herbalist, with an intimate knowledge of the plants and herbs that grow in the lands about; you may set it down that the "drugs" he prescribes are just such simples as any old housewife

might give. The medicines, in themselves, carry no promise of cure for the disastrous diseases the healer is combatting.

"But they help me," said Armando, "they help me to get in touch with the disease."

This seems to be his method: first the, Latin formula which impresses the patient and makes him susceptible—and upon a Mexican laborer you can imagine the effect; next, the medicines, harmless, but making for suggestion; and, then, what Armando calls "prayer". I do not know that you would say he is a man of religion; but there is in him a strange and fierce religiosity—as of one who has stood at blazing and fantastic altars. And he prays—telling his wooden beads, as in some Buddhic rite, he prays over the medicine; and the prayer lifts him. There is, as you know, a very potent world, which is intermediate between sleeping and waking. Now it is by prayer that the miracle man throws himself into this artificial hypnogogic state, in which he is able, not only to diagnose clairvoyantly the disease, but also to bring himself *en rapport* with the patient. He is doing unconsciously exactly what Dr. Durville, the head of the famous school of therapeutic magnetism in Paris, is doing consciously. By prayer he exalts himself into that hypnogogic condition in which he can most readily charge both medicine and patient with magnetic force—and through which he can most compellingly send the force of his Will-to-Heal. In other words Armando Dominguez is a magnetic healer—to use the familiar phrase—precisely as Dr. Durville of Paris is a healer by magnetism, or by what he prefers to call fluidic action. When you ask Armando for an explanation, he answers: "Prayer." Dr. Durville used to state it in larger phrases: "Every natural object possesses latent forces which may, in exceptional circumstances, be brought out. A conductor along which you pass an electric current becomes magnetic—is magnetically polarized. It is, in a word, *en rapport* with terrestrial magnetism. There are in man similar potentialities. And hypnotic sleep, or a hypnogogic state induced by animal magnetism, discloses in man new faculties and places him *en rapport* with larger natural forces". Thus the Will-to-cure, magnetically polarized by "prayer", meets the Desire-to-be-cured." V. T.

Citizens of the World

From Pitlochry in Scotland there has been sent out a stirring appeal to the "citizens of the world," reaffirming the fine truth that nations are but "clans," that humanity is one, that the world is one—man's common inheritance—and that a nationality can no longer be imposed upon the masses of mankind against their will. Its author, Mr. Y. H. Iskender, is founding a society of universal brotherhood, which has already received the adhesion of such eminent men as the Rev. Principal Andrew Whyte, D. D. and Major General Sir H. M. Bengough. The main object of the movement is to abolish *fortified* boundaries between the various countries—these artificial barriers maintained by the force of arms—in the existence of which Mr. Iskender sees the abiding cause of war. Very charming is the anecdote that serves as introduction to this eloquent and vehement plea for the peace of brotherhood.:

In 1898, *I was travelling in Asia Minor accompanied by a bodyguard of four men—all of us on horseback. One evening we reached the little village of Eski-Cheir in the Vilayet of Koniah, weary and exhausted after a long day's riding. Our disappointment was considerable when we discovered that there was no hotel in the village. On further inquiry, however, we ascertained that the Head Man and at the same time the richest man of the village, Ali Agha by name, would lodge us, and provide for our wants. We found him an old man of seventy, thin and tall, with a long white beard getting scanty through years. He extended to us a cordial welcome, and hospitably entertained the whole party for five days. Rich no doubt he was in the estimation of the good people of Eski-Cheir, but poor indeed measured by European standards. His wealth consisted of a few cows, a few fowls, and two or three horses at most. When the time came for leave-taking, I asked Ali Agha for his bill. He would accept no payment, and on my trying to persuade him to accept a gift, I was met with an equally stubborn refusal. I shall never forget the words which he uttered, Mahomedan as he was, and Christian as he knew me to be, as he finally refused my proffered recompense. Gently touching me on the shoulder, and lifting up his eyes, he said, "Young man, we are all one family, and I thank God that I have been spared to know one more of my brothers before I die."* *V. T.*

The White Allies of Mons

A multiplicity of proofs attests the reality of the psychic phenomena which took place at Mons and during the tragic and heroic retreat on Paris. It may be said (in Lecky's words) that "it would be impossible for such an amount of evidence to accumulate round a conception that had no substantial basis in fact." Scores of officers and men testified that an apparition, representing St. George the patron saint of England, appeared when the English were fighting against fearful odds at Mons. Even stronger is the evidence of the appearance of St. Michael in the French lines; and French investigators have collected a formidable mass of evidence proving the reality of the apparition of Jeanne d'Arc in the terrible week that brought the Allies to Vitry le Francois. And both armies have testified to the "cloud of celestial horsemen" that hovered over the British lines, when they made the stand that halted the invading forces. The thing you are to bear in mind is that thousands of soldiers believed these angelic warriors had come to their aid and in that belief they fought—inspired by the vision of their high allies. Over Marathon (Pausanias states) just such a phantom cavalry careered and pursued; and just such a white host saved the crusaders at Antioch.

You can not persuade the men who fought through those dark weeks—who turned and brought victory and safety out of wild overwhelming defeat—that the high powers were not fighting on their side. They are so certain of it that the mere evanescent quality of wonderfulness has gone out of the adventure. For them it is a fact—real as metal and stone—that the high leaders, white and apparitional, came to their aid in those perilous hours when the powers were opposed to the powers.

Moral fervour and the critical temper do not always go together; in those French soldiers, called from careless ways of peace, to fight for the safety of their women and the sanctity of their homes, you cannot expect to find a cold analysis of these strange apparitions. They saw them; and bore witness—in their hundreds. The French soldier is too human to be a materialist.

Much of the evidence has been brought together by

Mr. Ralph Shirley in a little pamphlet, "The Angel Warriors at Mons," issued by the Newspaper Publicity Company, 61 Fleet Street, London; and in his admirable magazine The Occult Review he is publishing month by month statements and affidavits by officers, chaplains and private soldiers, who saw the apparitions. Many of the English soldiers are reticent; one of them said; "We have had strange experiences which we do not care to talk about. We have seen many of our mates killed, *but they are fighting for us still.*" Perhaps the most interesting account is that written by Miss Phyllis Campbell, a nurse who was with the Allies during the awful days of the long retreat on Paris.

It is printed in the September number of The Occult Review; and from that article the following paragraphs are taken:

'Returning at 4:30 in the morning, we stood on the end of the platform, watching the train crawl through the blue-green of the forest into the clearing, and draw up with the first wounded from Vitry-le-Francois. It was packed with dead and dying and badly wounded. For a time we forgot our wearness in a race against time, removing the dead and dying, and attending to those in need. I was bandaging a man's shattered arm with the *majeur* instructing me, while he stitched a horrible gap in his head, when Madame de A——, the heroic President of the post, came and replaced me. "There is an English in the fifth wagon," she said. "He demands a something—I think a holy picture."

'The idea of an English soldier demanding a holy picture struck me, even in that atmosphere of blood and misery, as something to smile at, but I hurried away. "The English" was a LancashireFusilier. He was propped in a corner, his left arm tied up in a peasant woman's head-kerchief, and his head newly bandaged. He should have been in a state of collapse from loss of blood, for his tattered uniform was soaked and caked in blood, and his face paper-white under the dirt of conflict. He looked at me with bright courageous eyes and asked for a picture or a medal (he did'nt care which) of St. George. I asked if he was a Catholic . "No," he was a Wesleyan Methodist (I hope I have it right), and he wanted a picture or a medal of St. George, *because he had seen him on a white horse*, leading the British at Vitry-le-Francois, when the Allies turned.

'There was an R. F. A. man, wounded in the leg, sitting beside him on the floor; he saw my look of amazement, and hastened in, "It's true, Sister," he said. "We all saw it. First there was a sort of a yellow mist like, sort of risin' before the Germans as they come to the top of the hill, come on like a solid wall they did—springing out of the earth just soild—no end to 'em. I just give up. No use fighting the whole German race, thinks I; it's all up with us. The next minute comes this funny cloud of light, and when it clears off there's a tall man with yellow hair in golden armour, on a white horse, holding his sword up, and his mouth open as if he was saying, 'Come on, boys! Then, before you could say knife, the Germans had turned, and we were after them.

'"Where was this?" I asked. But neither of them could tell. They had marched, fighting a rearguard action, from Mons, till St. George had appeared through the haze of light, and turned the Germans. They both *knew* it was St. George. Hadn't they seen him with his sword on every "quid" they'd ever had? The Frenchies had seen him too, ask them; but they said it was St. Michael.

'The French wounded were again in that curiously exalted condition we had remarked before—only more so—a sort of self-contained rapture of happiness—"Yes," it was quite true. The *Boches* were in full retreat, and the Allies were being led to victory by St. Michael and Joan of Arc.

'"As for *petite* Jeanne d'Arc," said one soldier, "I know her well, for I am of Domrémy. I saw her brandishing her sword and crying 'Turn! Turn! Advance!' * * *

'There is no "religiosity"—about this vision of saints and archangels, it is just a common everyday, iron-bound fact. Joan of Arc, the Archangel, St. George of England, have come from wherever they are, and have led the hosts of England and France. Everybody has seen them who has fought through from Mons to Ypres; they all agree on them individually, and have no doubt at all as to the final issue of their interference. * * *

'A strange and dreadful thing, that the veil which hangs between us and the world of Immortality should be so rent and shrivelled by suffering and agony that human eyes can look on the angels and not be blinded.'

* * * * *

There is strong and abundant evidence of the genuine-

ness of these phenomena. In France such scientists as Dr. Charles Richet and such leaders in physic research as Dr. Gerald Encausse, are gathering and collecting evidence, I am told, and a full report will be published. It is to be hoped that a similar investigation will be made by the Psychical Research Society of Great Gritian. The facts are well-attested but they need to be winnowed and set in order. The modern scientific mind is no longer content to dismiss as a "collective delusion" a fact attested by thousands; it has no greater belief in the miracle than had the sceptical science of the last century, but it draws (as Papias did) a fine distinction between what is miraculous and what is marvelous—between miraculum and mirabile. The investigation should be thorough and immediate.

C. TUNSTALL.

The Fourth Dimension

A Point, moving, generates a line, thereby losing its individuality as a point; or it may be said, generating an infinite number of equal points together in the direction of its path.

A Line, moving at right angles to its direction of length, generates a surface, thereby losing its individuality as a line; or, it may be said, generating an infinite number of equal lines joined together in the direction of its path.

A Surface, moving at right angles to its plane, generates a solid thereby losing its individuality as a surface; or, it may be said, generating an infinite number of equal surfaces joined together in the direction of its path.

A Solid, moving at right angles to its volume, generates a fourth dimensional figure, thereby losing its individuality as a solid; or, it may be said, generating an infinite number of equal solids joined together in the direction of its path.

G. H. GRINNELL.

Audita et Visa

I am bound to report all that is said; I am not bound to believe it all. —Herodotus.

Man has never thought about anything except nature and the supernatural. He has never speculated about anything else. This is an old truth; and a great writer has pointed out that nature and the supernatural are one—two aspects of the same thing.

* * *

Today there is an aspiration toward new destinies. It dominates the world of thought—scientific, philosophic, political. Even as it lifts up the soul of man it is uplifting the soul of the nations. It is an aspiration too large to be defined in terms of creed or even in terms so broadly genuine as those of science, religion or social regeneration. What it shows most clearly, I think, is that humanity no longer intends to shut itself up in the mere cult of fact and the science of fact—that narrow ground wherein the old positivism pretended to confine its activities. In abolishing the old dogmatic frontiers of materialism it is in fact creating a new science—tentative, like every other.

* * * *

Its latest statement is: "The world of science is a conceptual world."

Thus, the scientist, when he described a "fact in nature" is in reality describing his conception of it. In the last century his conception of nature was called materialism. That term ceased to be adequate, when matter was no longer an ultimate concept in physical science. Today the cant phrase is mechanism, which is defined as a "belief in the existence, unconditioned by time or anything else, of the ether or physical continuum, a homogeneous medium, of which matter and energy and the consciousness of the organism, are only states or conditions." Molecules and radiations are mere conditions of ether, which for the physicist is the only reality. This theory, like every other working theory of science—from that of the elephant and tortoise upholding the earth to the broken-down theory of materialism—is of course a mere metapyhsical concept. It is a fairy-tale fitted loosely over certain half-discovered facts. What is obviously true is this: "Our perception of the universe depends on the normal functioning of our organs of sense. These perceptions constitute givenness, and we enlarge or conceptualise this givenness and call it the subject matter of science. But what is this reality that we say is external to us? It is, we see, our inner consciousness."

I have been quoting from the Hibbert Journal's searching review of Dr. James Johnstone's "Philosophy of Biology"; and I have set it down because it contains the seed of an important thought:—

All scientific truths are provisional; they are strategic approaches toward the occult truth.

* * * *

What has really happened in the world of science is this: Driven from their towering stronghold of materialism the scientists have taken

refuge in a shadowy conceptualism. You may be quite certain they will not hold that position very long. It was long ago abandoned by the leaders of metaphysic thought. It is merely a point at which science is halting—to make a *reconnaissance*—and it will continue its foreward march. Meanwhile those thinkers, who go always in advance of science, will tell you:

"The concepts of logic, which form the subject matter of our reasoning—the very stuff of thought—no longer seem to have an existence and value in themselves."

It is not in the concepts themselves that value exists; they are symbols and their whole truth consists in the connection they may have with some reality, which may be observed and directly siezed upon. Science, as you see, has reached "a conceptual world," but the more advanced metaphysical thought of the new age has passed beyond the concept to the reality—which lies behind—a reality which may be grasped even though it be a reality other than that given by the senses. Here the thought comes close to the aspiration of humanity; and the question may be stated in these words:

Can man, by some immaterial organ—by some inner sense, enter into communication with a world, which, though normally invisible, is not less real than the visible world?

It is to the fulfillment of this destiny that humanity everywhere aspires. At its best it is elevating the soul of the world; at its worst it is seen in the fluttering and crying of innumerable little sects and religions—with their pathetic experiments in magic and prayer. It were idle to hope that so compelling an aspiration should always express itself sanely—should follow a continuity which is always rational. Its philosophy has often gone astray—taking fireflies for stars. Even its science (as you have seen) escaped from materialism only to fall into the smoky pit of mechanism and diabolism. But these vagaries of the mountebanks and pseudo-mystics—even the fantasies and irrationalities of the experimental scientists—are episodic; they delay but they do not stop the advance humanity is making towards the goal of its aspiration—"an infinite aspiration, which is proof of its own fulfiillment," as Bruno said.

* * * *

There is dark confusion in the popular mind regarding occultism and mysticism. The average man thinks of mysticism—if he thinks of it at all—as a sort of cloudy corridor between idiocy and superstition; and in occultism he sees merely the child-craft of fortune telling and the absurd and trivial impostures of the wonder-mongers. If he be the average scientific man he dismisses the entire subject to the realm of psycho-sensorial hallucinations. This attitude is not so common as it was a few decades ago—in the days of stolid and tenacious materialism. The best scientific minds of the day (and they are to be found in France and Italy) are most keenly bent upon investigation of the supersensible worlds. And it is of extreme importance that the distinction between mysticism and occultism should be closely defined. The popular ideas are loose and vague; and even scientific men are not careful in their definitions. Now science (as I have

intimated) is the only approach for the great majority of mankind, at present, toward a knowledge of occult truth. It is a provisional road, leading from assumption to assumption, destroying today what it built up yesterday; but always it is drawing nearer to the great truth, —to what that great occultist Francis Bacon called "the knowledge of causes and secret motions of things." Claude de Saint Martin held that it was his task in this world to lead the mind of man by a natural path to the supernatural things which by right belong to him, but of which he has lost all memory. This is not an unfair description of the task of the modern scientists—though the nature of his mission bids him stop midway in the path. And therefore your scientist is—at least when he is too human to be a materialist—a sort of rough road builder for those who would fain approach occult truth by what Bacon called the experimental way. It is important that he above all men, should not be beguiled by false definitions—that he should not speak loosely of "mysticism and occultism," as though they were a pair of blind twins.

A fair definition is given by Evelyn Underhill in her book "Mysticism"; it is fair, though incomplete, for even its implications are critically just. Her theory is that in mysticism "the will is united with the emotions in an impassioned desire to transcend the sense-world in order that the self may be joined by love to the one eternal and Ultimate Object of love." Plato would not have denied this; Plotinus might almost have written it. It well describes all the great mysteries —Theresa or Van Ruysbroeck, Ignatius or Dante—"who were possessed and maddened with the passion" for the Ultimate Object of Love. It is a good working definition, in spite of its incompleteness. Over against it Miss Underhill sets her definition of occultism, in which the will unites with the intellect in an impassioned desire for supersensible knowledge. "This "she adds wisely, "is the intellectual, aggressive and scientific temperament trying to extend its field of consciousness, until it includes the supersensual world."

That is well said; it may be accepted. It defines two ways of trying to reach the great Cosmic life which transcends and includes our own: the occult, or intellectual, and the mystic or emotional. And she sees in them the opposite poles of the same thing—the transcendental consciousness of humanity.

You might put it in another way; the logician would say, in his more precise terminology, that occultism and mysticism are opposites, but not contradictories. They say the same thing; and yet they do not say the same thing, because they do not say it on the same plane. The essential difference is that between reason and passion—between the intellect and the emotions.

* * * *

Opposites, but not contradictions.

The Gnostics were able to bring them almost into an according unity. Even in so passionate a mystic as Plato there was a vein of Orphism—he was both mystic and occultist. And indeed in the Orphic mysteries themselves there was an alien tincture of spiritual mysticism, just as in the mystic emotionalism of the Dionysiac religion

there was a hard underlying structure of occultism. One of the greatest living occultists (I have named Dr. Gerard Encausse) has a chamber of mysticism into which he enters, as the ancients of Israel went, each man, into "the chambers of his imagery."

Opposites, but not contradictories.

* * * *

If you kill at hazard a million of men the loss to the state is not great; the void is soon filled—for humanity is full of sap, but if picked men be slain the loss is for all time. Fair, heroic France is paying with her best. Every hour adds a new name to the death-list—names of those I have known, have loved, have honored. Charles Peguy—soldier of thought—is dead; Bernard Combette, dead on the field of battle; Paul Acker, in whose novels all the fervour and sadness of Alsace lived, is dead; dead too, *au champ d'honneur*, that brave, sweet poet Emile Despax, who sang "*Aime la vie—vis sans douleur*!"—killed in battle.

Hail and farewell—and you, too, Rupert Brooke, poet of life, dead at the Dardanelles.

* * * *

And while these sons of the dream were seeking death, there died in Paris an old distinguished man whose name shall find no place here. *Portentum hominis*—a prodigy of a man; he called himself a psychic, an occultist and, in his way, he was a thaumaturge. It was not in his destiny to be destroyed, like Bruno, by fire; or, like Cardanus, by the law that visits the sins of the son upon the father; like so many occulists he was poisoned—the poison was fed to him and he died; and the poison whereof he died was flattery. It was a year ago I saw him last. Immune to fire and water and sword, he was already dying of the poison. It had bloated him as alcohol bloats its victim; and he lay in the bed, swollen and white, like some dreadful mammal washed up from the depths of the sea. Round him were grouped the genuflective women and oath-bound men, whispering: "*Cher Maitre, Cher Maitre*!" and with pale hands they poured the poison.

And I went away. In the street I met a man and I told him the awful sight I had seen; and he said:

"Sanity is an admirable thing for occultists, but more necessary is a stomach that sickens at flattery!

And when I read the other day that the prodigious man was dead I thought of these things.

V. T.

The Horses of Eberfeld

By Cuthbert Tunstall

One of the distinctive horrors of man's existence has always been that he is imprisoned in a universe without speech—though it has a million voices. All about him runs and flies and creeps an animal world, agitated with noises which are, to him, meaningless. That is why there was so immense and startled an interest in the Eberfeld horses, when it seemed there were, at last, animals that comprehended the speech of man. At last, it seemed, the door between the two worlds, animal and human, had been opened; and through it understanding could pass. An amazing thing.

It is not new; the discussion has gone on for years; and round the Eberfield horses there has grown up a huge literature. The best popular account, I think, is that which Maeterlinck has given in "The Unknown Guest."

The story goes back to an old German misanthrope W. Von Osten, who undertook the education of a Russian stallion, Hans. This was in 1900. His method is described by Professor Claparede in these words:

"After making him familiar with various common ideas such as right, left, top, bottom and so on, his master began to teach him arithmetic by the intuitive method. Hans was brought to a table on which were placed first one, then two, then several small skittles. Von Osten, kneeling beside Hans, uttered the corresponding numbers, at the same time making him strike as many blows with his hoof as there were skittles on the table. Before long, the skittles were replaced by figures written on a blackboard. The results were astonishing. The horse was capable not only of counting (that is to say, of striking as many blows as he was asked), but also of making real calculations, of solving little problems * * Hans could do more than read; he was a musician, distinguishing between harmonious and dissonant chords. He had also an excellent memory; he could tell the date of each day in the current week. *In short he got through all the tasks which an intelligent schoolboy of fourteen is able to perform*".

When this was made known "a scientific committee was appointed." What happened you can readily imagine. The plain, visible facts were met by a flying squadron of negations. Poor old Von Osten and his tremendous adventure were tossed to ridicule. Loudest in scorn was one "Herr Oskar Pfungst of the Berlin Psychological Bureau", who reported the horse was "gifted with no intelligence, that it did not recognize either letters or figures, that it really knew neither how to calculate nor how to count, *but merely obeyed the imperceptible, infinitessimal and unconscious signs which escaped from its master.*" This obedience to "imperceptable signs" had been as great a miracle as the one it was meant to explain; but ,being a dictum of official science, it sufficed to cover the Von Osten and his horse with the derision of the foolish. Germany laughed the old man to death.

There was found, however, one man to take up his work. He was Krall of Eberfeld. He bought two Arab stallions, Muhamed and Zarif, and began their education. Their progress was swift and astonishing. (You should read Maeterlinck's account of it.) Within a fortnight Muhamed did simple sums in addition and subtraction. He had learned to distinguish tens from units; he knew the meaning of the symbols plus and minus. Four days later he began multiplication and division. And in four months time he knew how to extract square and cubic roots. Soon after he learned to spell. Zarif's progress was almost equal to that of Muhamed, though he was "less gifted from the standpoint of higher mathematics." Two other pupils were added to the school: Hanschen, a tiny Shetland pony —a flighty, passionate quick-witted little scamp; and Berto, an imposing black stallion, quite blind and lacking even the sense of smell—who is being educated, much as Hellen Kellar was educated, by touch.

I shall not describe in any detail the education of these "thinking horses"—it has been done too often. My purpose is merely to emphasize the fact that they do communicate their thoughts, make comments—relate the news of the stable; all this, as well as solving problems in higher mathematics which Maeterlinck found too hard for his scholarships. Behind closed doors, alone with the horse, in the absolute solitude and silence of the stable Maeterlinck set

Muhamed to extract half-a-dozen roots, which required thirty-one operations. In each case the horse gave the correct answer.

How did he do it?

Was it by his equine intelligence the horse was able to extract those roots.

Today science has accetped the visible facts; and it seeks an explanation. What is this "humanized phenomenon?" This "new animal"?

First of all, it is not by telepathy that Muhamed gains his extraordinary mathematical knowledge, for decisive experiments have eliminated the telepathic theory. At present the psychologists are fairly well agreed that the explanation must be sought in the phenomena of "the secondary or subliminal consciousness." This is a term which the psychologists have never clearly defined. Maeterlinck comes closest to it when he describes the subliminal consciousness as "a sort of mysterious participation in all that happens in this world and the others." Through it one enters a new region in which one draws strangely near to his dark brothers, the animals. And he adds that we are "on the same plane with them, where it is no longer intelligence that reigns, but another spiritual power, which pays no heed to the brain, which passes by other roads, and which might rather be the psychic substance of the universe itself, no longer set in grooves, isolated and specialized by man, but diffused, multiform and perhaps—if we could trace it—equal in everything that exists." And his argument is that there is, therefore, no reason why the horses should not participate in most of the mediumistic phenomena which we find existing between man and man.

There is no more baffling part of the enquiry that the ability of the horses to solve amazingly complicated mathematical problems—problems which the man who sets them down cannot himself solve. Whence comes the solution? Maeterlinck would look for it in that subliminal consciousness—that mysterious plane on which the "lightning calculator" (who may be half an idiot) finds his answers. Now experiment shows one thing: Out of seven stallions Krall found only two who could not be readily initiated into the secrets of higher mathematics—gain, as it were, this astounding intuitive power of solving intricate problems.

Five out of seven; and among men not one in a million is thus equipped—only one (or two or three) in a century has this rare power, and usually it vanishes in a few years. Therefore, with implacable logic, Maeterlinck asks: "From the mathematical point of view, is the 'horse's subliminal consciousness superior to man's?" and answers with a sturdy affirmative: "His whole subliminal being is probably superior to ours, of greater range, younger, fresher, more alive and less heavy, *since it is not incessantly attacked, coerced and humilated by the intelligence*, which gnaws at it, stifles it, chokes it and relegates it to a dark corner which neither light nor air can penetrate."

It is worthy of note, also, that no experiment, up to the present, has been able to establish a difference between the subliminal of animals and that of human beings. In fact in most of the mathematical operations the subliminal of the horse acts precisely like that of the medium in a state of trance. For instance, the horse often reverses the figures of the solution; he may give 39 for 93—a familiar mediumistic phenomenon. And the conclusion is that there is in the horse—and hence most probably in everything that lives on this earth—"a psychic power similar to that which is hidden beneath the veil of our reason."

It is then (if we are to accept this theory) upon the subliminal plane that the Denkende Tiere find the answers to the complex problems in mathematics—for example the logarithm of a number consisting of seven or eight figures. And the question naturally arises: Why is it their knowledge of all things, except mathematics, is elementary, fourteen year oldish? Why have they, on the other hand, so bewilderingly competent a knowledge of numbers? Why do they find that knowledge on the subliminal plane?

I should not be quite fair to Maeterlinck's theory of the wonder-horses, if I did not give (in his words) his answer to these questions.

"It is almost certain, "he writes, "that the science of mathematics lies outside the intelligence."

Here the Belgian poet has touched the edge of a great truth—one of the oldest truths of occult science; for the science of numbers is one which man discovered, ready made to his hand, and which he neither invented nor perfected. It is curious to see how the poet's mystic intuition plays

round this ancient and determined fact. And if the law—the occult law of numbers—has shown him only its veiled face there is in the vision a singular beauty. None could have stated with sterner eloquence the peril that lies in ignorant meddling with the power of numbers. What he writes is the truth, although what he sees in numbers is their mystic and not their occult law. Read here:

"It is almost certain that the science of mathematics lies outside the intelligence. It forms a mechanical and abstract whole, more spiritual than material and more material than spiritual, visible only through its shadow and yet contributing the most immovable of the realities that govern the universe. From first to last it declares itself a very strange force and, as it were, the sovereign of another element than that which nourishes our brain. One may say that figures place those who handle them in a special condition. They draw the cabalistic circle round their victim. Henceforth he is no longer his own master, he renounces his liberty, he is literally 'possessed' by the powers which he invokes. He is dragged he knows not whither, into a formless, boundless immensity, subject to laws that have nothing human about them, in which each of those lively and tyrannical little signs, which move and dance in their thousands under the pen, represents nameless, but eternal, invincible and inevitable verities. We think that we are directing them and they enslave us. We become weary and breathless following them into their uninhabitable spaces. When we touch them, we let loose a force which we are no longer able to control. They do with us what they will and always end by hurling us, blinded and benumbed, into blank infinity or upon a wall of ice against which every effort of our mind and will is shattered."

Never was there written a more compelling statement of the peril which besets the ignorant man who plays with the occult power of numbers. But the thought I would have you take from it is this: The gift of handling great groups of figures is independent of intelligence; children, idiots, illiterates have had it in its highest perfection; and therefore there is nothing incredible in the theory that the horse Muhamed found it—where the blind idiot of Armentieres found it and where it was found by Vito, the half-witted child—on the plane of subliminal consciousness.

So far the psychologist; but—as you shall see—the "subliminal consciousness" is not the last word of the enigma. The occult explanation cannot be the same in each instance; and though it may be admitted that Maeterlinck has come close to the general law, the occultist would prefer to study each case apart. Everywhere in the animal world new cases are occurring. There is the Mannheim dog, who rivals in many ways the horses of Eberfeld. He is not so advanced in arithmetic, but he reads and writes—by tapping out the letters with his paws, in an alphabet he has thought out for himself; he counts money; he distinguishes the colours of flowers; and this—is remarkable—answers questions, often with curious originality. For instance he was shown a bouquet in a vase and asked what it was.

"A glass with flowers," he replied, laboriously tapping out the answer in his Morse-alphabet.

Again in the course of a reading-lesson the word autumn occurred and Professor William Mackenzie, the examiner, asked the dog to explain what autumn was.

"It is the time when there are apples," the dog made answer."

Withal Rolf (that is his name) has a doggish humour of his own. One day a young lady of his acquaintance asked him if there was anything she could do for him.

Gravely the dog tapped out the answer: "Wag your tail!" said he.

The case of the Eberfeld horses is no longer an isolated one. In all parts of the world similar manifestations are being reported. You may have seen the Captain—that other horse of mystery. And you are tempted to say (as Maeterlinck has said) that a new spirit is passing over the world and, after awakening in man forces whereof he was not aware, is now reaching other creatures, who with us inhabit this mysterious world.

Bureau of Correspondence

By Mrs. Russak

The Correspondence Bureau is very glad that there has been such a ready response to its desire to give such practical assistance as it can to those wishing to lay their problems before it. The decision to found it was prompted by the fact that for some time the letters to me with questions asking help and advice on so many different subjects have increased to such proportions that I am obliged to classify the replies. So at my request the publishers of The Channel have consented to give me their valuable assistance.

Mrs. Grace Shaw Duff will answer such questions as pertain to Bible study and Christian philosophy. She has been a student of the Bible for very many years, has quite a library of reference books, knows personally and has studied with some of the writers and teachers of note on biblical subjects including the late Prof. James. She has given lectures and has held classes on the interpretation of the New Testament and Bible study which have attracted much attention. She is a non-sectarian Christian, so that her opinions are not biased by any creed, and she respects all denominations while recognizing their values in the spiritual progress of the world.

Mr. Henry Hotchner will answer questions relating to studies in practical ethics of life, especially those concerning the moral and spiritual responsibilities in the commercial world, in which he has had special training for some years. He has been a student of occult philosophy and phenomena from the standpoint of a careful investigator and for many years has lectured upon these subjects throughout the United States and also abroad. In spite of a large correspondence, he has consented to reply to questioners desiring assistance along these lines.

Questions pertaining to occult study, psychism, spiritual problems of life, health, healing. proper diet, etc., I shall myself endeavor to answer, offering such service to my readers as twenty-five years of experience in many countries will permit.

There are several things which must first be understood between the questioners and myself. This Bureau is not in any sense the personal column of a daily newspaper to which many mis-guided people sometimes turn to ask personal questions to satisfy an idle or a morbid curiosity. The rules of legitimate psychism do not permit the investigation of matters that are not of an *absolute need.* The full names of questioners will be withheld and only initials printed; if a private answer by letter is requested, a self-addressed envelope with postage should be enclosed. The opinions given in this Bureau will be purely personal to the ones expressing them.

* * * * *

This is the first letter The Channel received, the thought and spirit are so beautiful The Channel prints it with many thanks, but without comment:—

Her husband of many loving years had just died, and in that first lonely hour the thought was given the woman that she might share his love with others in making a gift for little children—their own had all gone, and were there to meet him, when he went, an hour ago.

So the Children's Hospital was built, a memorial and a memory, and many sick and tired little bodies gained strength and health because of the woman's sorrow and the husband's love.

One day there came a girl bearing every sign of wealth and culture, hardly more than a child herself, and begged that her approaching maternity might be met in that kindly shelter. A few hours passed, hours of pain and unconsciousness, and the young mother died and left her baby; died without a clue to her name or her home, or to him who was the father of her child.

The woman was asked to christen the baby. She gave him the name of her husband and one of their own children, and wrote, "call the baby 'Billy,' and put the enclosed one hundred dollars where it may gain something more, and when the day comes for him to leave the hospital, give it to him with the God-speed of an unknown friend."

The child grew in every grace and found his way into the hearts of all who gave him care, until one morning, after a few days illness, "Little Billy" went himself to be with his young mother. A few dollars of his small patrimony were spent for his last needs and the remaining eighty-five dollars were returned to the woman. The money came to her the day The Channel was born, and is sent as "Little Billy's subscription" with the request that the publishers use it to give copies of the magazine to those who might not be able otherwise to procure it.

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Mrs. Waite who is considered a serious student of the Science of Numbers sends us the following about The

Channel. We are grateful to her and only hope the blessings the numbers have so generously measured for us may be realized. They certainly sum up our ideals.

Soul of the name—sum total of its vowels, e=5 a=1 e=5 total 11 Eleven is never reduced to a digit. It stands as a High Priest—Supreme. 9. To deal with humanity is the work of 9. It is the all inclusive number containing all the digits—hence universal.

In its co-relation to other words of the same vibration which express the high ideal you would wish expressed by The Channel are Love=9, Inspiration=9, Divine Reality=9, Service=9, Fountain of Life=9, Reason=9. New Birth=9, Thought=9, Christ Consciousness=9, The Mystery of Oneness=9, Tongue of Power=9, The Open Door=9, God is Love=9, Love is God=9.

9 must recognize the Unity of Life and the Universal Brotherhood of man. It can be succeed in expressing or reproducing any work in art, science or music—it is in fact the number of free expression along all lines. Thus The Channel under 9 vibration should manifest a *free open channel* for all that is good and true and beautiful through which to flow. The color of 9 is a clear red—the color of blood which flows in the veins of all humanity—irrespective of the color of skin or race. It is also the color of victory and courage.

Brown also vibrates to 9—the universal earth color. The Soul of The Channel is 11. Light=11, Wisdom=11, Equality=11, Creative=11, Force=11, Dual=11. The positive and negative currents of Life, Holiness=11, Royal Priesthood=11. Thus the inner essence of the title is the highest vibration of Light and Wisdom. The colors of 11 are white, violet and yellow. The Channel is a beautiful red-rose—with an inner light radiating and softly blending, white, violet and yellow.

The exoteric keynote of The Channel is D=9. Its esoteroic keynote is C=11. 9 is also the vibration of money which word has 11 for its soul--Money—Love—are identical—in their inner and outward vibrations—both have a high priest standing within—money *should be* a spiritual symbol of the free circulation and bounty of Love but man materially counterfeits *both*. The word *circulate* vibrates 11. So both Love and Money cry out from their innermost souls "circulate me—make me flow freely—joyfully and lovingly and great will be the increase." And as The Channel is one with money—and Love. If it circulates freely one—it will freely receive the other. May it be a channel of Life, Truth, Love, Wisdom and Light, be a blessing to the world (9) and both spread andre ceive success, prosperty and all good things.

Louise R. Waite.

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Question

I am in great trouble and desire your help in a matter relating to the happiness of my husband Albert and myself. Before we were married eighteen years ago, he was in love with my younger sister for some years. I loved him devotedly at the same time and the

thought that he was in love with my sister and desired to marry her made many years a misery to me—I suppose this was very selfish. For a long time I kept it a secret but finally my father, noticing my unhappiness, coaxed the secret from me. He too, desired Albert to marry me as he preferred me to his younger daughter. Even though Albert was kind to me there seemed no answer to our hopes because he was wrapped up in my sister. One day he came upon her as she unmistakably permitting another man to make love to her and seeing this he became very unhappy, finally confessing to me what was troubling him. Naturally I did my best to comfort him, secretly rejoicing for my own sake and pouring my love upon him constantly. Sometime later my father determined that he should do what he could to bring about a marriage between us and without my knowledge, told Albert of my love for him. In time the latter became fonder of me and finally asked me to marry him, which I did.

We were very happy for years and he seemed to love me being very gentle and kind. Then the two children came, and I noticed that he began to grow very indifferent to me, but that he idolized our daughters. When they grew older they too seemed to idolize him and cared less and less for me; they never caressed me or seemed to care for me in any way. They did not neglect their duties to me but performed them grudgingly and never took me into their confidence or comradeship, even though I plead with all my heart and when pleading did no good, I took them to task and let them see my unhappiness. It has been a great sorrow and I feel there must be some reason for it. Day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, I have prayed for their love just as I used to pray for my Albert's when I was a young girl. I felt I must *force* it, for it was mine, and it was unjust of my children to claim all his love and attention. My life is very miserable and I have often thought of ending it; yet I do not want to commit suicide, for that would be a separation which would probably end forever our association and the love which we have had for each other and which I still feel so deeply for him and hope will one day return to me. Is there any power which can help me? What would you do?—G. M. C.

Answer

Your case is indeed a sad one and I should send you an answer in a private letter were there not such deep occult truths underlying your unfortunate case which I think might help others. Even though I sympathize with you very deeply and regret that you are in such an unfortunate position, I must still state my ideas of the occult principles underlying your case or I should fail in my duty. Since you have asked me what I would do, I shall tell you. It is in no sense mandatory but commendatory. It will take much will and absolute unselfishness to carry it out. How-

ever, it seems to me that you have now an opportunity to defend your *amour propre* and above all to forget yourself and I should advise you to demonstrate both.

First of all it was wrong for you to force Albert's love in the way you did before your marriage. Your will, united with your father's brought about a strong and constant hypnotic suggestion. Occultly considered, *you filled his mind and emotions with your own love for yourself*, and your ideas of marriage, things that were not in his mind of themselves. When in his grief at the loss of your sister you sympathized with him and behind your sympathy were your own selfish ends, as well as the desire of your father, and these pulled him to you.

There are so many men and women in these days suffering from an unreciprocated love, who in their own thoughts and feelings are boldly challenging the unerring laws of good and its unhappy opposite called ill. They practice (even though unconsciously perhaps, while only thinking of themselves) a hypnotic influence for a purpose purely selfish. And for a while they may be joyful captors of their slaves, who if thus forced to love against their will, are not aware that they are loving with a substituted love of the enslaver himself. But this can be but temporary since the balance of the law is bound to answer sometime with a portion for him of a sad and loveless destiny or by an equal domination of himself by a will that is stronger than his own.

Your own love for your husband cannot be effected so long as the active cause—the will to love—is within you; you alone have the power over the *cause* in your love. The love of your husband's mind and heart must be controlled by his own will alone. Do not continue as one of those who are so unwise and selfish as to dominate the laws which guard the liberty of mind and the emotions of another. You commit this wrong by thoughts or words which clothe a demand for a thing which is not freely given; this demand can also be made by grief which is unworthy and which acts as selfish hooks (so they appear to the inner vision) which catch and snare the thing which is resisting their desire; and again it is made by an ignoble jealousy, which tries to rob another of a thing that's his—be that ownership a possession by right or wrong—which after all is the

possessor's own concern. These unfortunate agents of a strong persistence often make complete slaves of other's thoughts and feelings and chain them against their will, just as yours have done.

When you brought your power to bear upon your husband before he lost your sister, you were not successful. But later when his mind was no longer positively directed towards the object of his love and that intent had been taken from him, leaving his mind negative, you triumphed in your desire. You have not succeeded at the present time either, because his love is positively directed towards his children whom he idolizes, but you dominated it before they came.

Do not talk of suicide for that is a crime and in the investigations which I have made upon the inner realms I always find that those who have taken their lives by their own will are in great sorrow and bound near the earth realm to await the day of their release from the physical, which should come at their natural death. It is impossible for them to pass into happier conditions before that time. There is a law of attraction which is binding your physical form to the earth for a certain definite period; you do not release that power of attraction by suicide. Even if you *were* dead, you would not be happier, but more miserable than ever. However, remember this, that your idea that your love would then be over for your husband with no further possibility of its being mutual is a mistake. Only those who do not understand entertain such fears and think death a merciless thing since it forces love to cease while separating those so dear. Persons grieve needlessly about things and their great unhappiness would disappear did they but realize the laws eternal governing both causes and effects and which never can be set aside by death, forgetfulness, other scenes or other lives. This is the law.

So I advise you to remove from your mind absolutely the demand or the desire for your husband's love ,as well as your childrens'. A great renunciation will sometimes wipe out a whole lifetime of selfishness. It is an unselfish love only that can, because its motive is so pure, love on without requiring or asking an answer to itself, nor sorrows if such a sweet reply is absent. You should go on loving your husband continually. more tender and more considerate than ever of him, gladly giving and doing everything

in reason, and for you the most, important of all, *asking nothing*, but grateful if reciprocations' blissful *offerings* should be sometime yours.

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Question

Since you are dealing with occult subjects will you kindly tell me if following vision could explain or demonstrate as possible these circumstances? I saw the battlefield and figure which the English soldiers thought was St. George and the French say was St. Michael and Joan of Arc. There seemed to be some reason why the French should be assisted at a moment when they were weary from hours of retreat; because of this I saw several beings—spirits—make one of themselves into the image of the warrior of the past. They then precipitated it (in the same way as I have seen mediums sometimes precipitate flowers and other objects) so that the soldiers could see it. Would this be possible with the human form? Could spirits if they so desired picture to the Germans some of their past hereos also? D. C.

Answer

Such a thing is quite possible. Some of the greatest scientists in the world have testified to the genuineness of materialized figures. It would be possible also to extend the inner vision of soldiers so that they could view the figure in subtler matter. However, I do not say that what you saw is really what took place in France.

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Referring once more to legitimate psychism let me take up a question which has been asked and which may not be answered in the way requested. Mr. C. M. writes that he believes his younger brother has burnt his father's will, the one in which he had been disinherited. C. M. not wishing to do his brother an injustice, asks me to bring my psychism to bear to see if this is true or whether the father, repenting, destroyed it himself.

Obviously one would not feel justified in using psychic power to spy upon another. While it would be perfectly possible to do such a thing, it would be as occultly immoral as defaming the good name of anyone. The laws governing the etiquette of psychic powers are as strict, as those obtaining under ordinary conditions of right or wrong, if not more so. I am sure that C. M. asked his question in all

sincerity and that he is ignorant of such rules, so I shall be glad of the opportunity to tell him a few things.

Unless you have every true reason to believe that your brother *did* destroy the Will, you are wrong in continuing to entertain such suspicions aginst him. if you have exhausted every reasonable physical possibility of proving or of disproving your suspicion, you should let the matter drop. If his destiny has given him the money, even though it has taken some of yours away from you, then there is some reason why he should have it. You say that your brother is reckless and will spend what he has inherited on wordly enjoyment, and that even though he is nearly twenty-one, you and your mother do not let him go anywhere alone. How can you and your mother consider yourselves justified in keeping a man of your brother's age such a prisoner and not giving him more personal and moral liberty. You may, of course, consider yourselves perfectly justified, but I do not think many people would agree with you, certainly not one who understands the occult law of progress. Your brother is old enough to be allowed to meet his own temptations; he will not grow in his own moral strength unless his weaknesses are allowed to meet their own temptations and he *of himself* learns to resist, by relying on the increasing power of his own divinity. You say that you and your relations for the past two years have spent days together discussing the problems of his faults and they are constantly advising your mother to turn your brother out and disown him publicly; but that she does not do it, as she is afraid of the friends of the family turning against it because of the disgrace which is sure to follow.

In my judgment any friend of the family who would be turned away by the disgrace of any member of it is not worthy to be called a friend. As to your family's meetings, my own opinions are strongly opposed to them. In extreme cases one such consultation or perhaps two might be necessary, but they are generally considered occultly dangerous. If a person possesses certain faults and the members of his family, or his friends, constantly dwell upon them, thus keeping them steadily in their own minds and that of the person possessing them, this cannot fail in *strengthening the tendencies* in the person towards those same faults. I have known cases where they were very seriously increased. The

mental force of the criticisms and arguments adds strength to the faults; and, too, this keeps them constantly before the mind of the person criticised and helps him to keep them alive. The mother and father should quietly and determinedly remonstrate with the child and do all that is reasonable to lead him in the right way and give him every advantage of a moral and religious training. But there is one thing that they do not know which occultism teaches, that at the same time they are endeavoring to correct the faults they should constantly imagine the child possessing the opposite virtues. If all this is done and the child becomes of age, yet unchanged as to his character, then it must meet the suffering which comes from experience in evil ways and must of itself grow strong with the law of the land as the restraining parent.

Your family meetings for criticism and condemnation are wrong. I have seen characters of young people (and their health as well) weakened and sometimes ruined by the cumulative force of unkind gossip and criticism of many people. This has resulted from the overwhelming power of suggestion in recognizing the faults and in constantly thinking about them while collectively condemning them. They should, instead, recognize the power that lies in their hands for suggesting good, and, after once expressing their protest against evil as such, leave it to those whose business it is to correct it and stop all idle family gossip.

My advice to you and your mother is to allow your brother to receive the money due him and to help him get an independent start in life in another city where he would not be forced to work against the prejudicial thoughts of those who have so continually condemned him. If he fails, the responsibility is neither yours nor hers for you have done your duty.

M. B. R.

The Fete of Metal and of Blood

By Emile Verhaeren

This is a poem by Verhaeren; it was written years ago, when Belgium lay quiet in the sun; but there is in it all the strange prevision of the poet and the seer.

On a black scaffold thou shalt lay thy head,
Belfries shall clamor and the steel shall gleam,
Thy muscles shall cry out—and this shall be
The splendor and fete of metal and of blood.

And the purple sun and the sulphuric eves,
The suns and evenings, carbuncled with fires,
Shall see the chastening of thy lyric crimes
And see death come upon thine eyes and brow.

The crowd through which the grandiose evil winds,
Shall hush its ocean round about thy pride,
The crowd—a mother it shall be to thee,
Ardent and cold, to cradle thee in thy shroud.

And vicious, as a flower full-blown and black,
In which fair poisons ripen, lightening-hued,
Despotic, fierce and great, thy memory
Shall twist and goad like a dagger in the flesh.

On a black scaffold thou shalt lay thy head,
The towers shall clamor, and the knives shall shine,
Thy muscles shall rebel—and this shall be
The splendor and fete of metal and of blood.

V. T.

Soul Colors and Vibration

By M. B. R.

The press of the eastern States has frequently been arousing public interest in some letters from a deceased physician of repute to his mother, which shows how keen is the general desire for information about things occult. The Kansas City Post gives an entire page to some of the letters and a short biography of Dr. Wadsworth Cecil Tuck. He was a graduate of Harvard Medical College in the class of 1887 and was then appointed to the Boston City Hospital where he remained until he died. He had no belief in occult matters before his death, but in these letters to his mother he gives some remarkable corroborations of the results obtained by students of psychic matters. He presents a scholarly and philosophic description of the after-death states. Among other things he says: "I notice that the spirit body when it first comes over is a mass of vaporish substance and emits corruscations of light, as on earth I have seen glow worms or many kinds of fish. Souls are suns. They vibrate with intensity or they have slow motion, accordingly as they have absorbed magnetism of the earth and so cause light. So there are red souls, golden souls, and violet souls which shine in these masses of substance born over and not yet shaped."

He speaks of the grey decaying lights of the drunkard; the geometrical and finely-colored soul of the well-regulated life on earth. He describes how one can become denser on approaching the earth to view it; "This is a poise or balance between the two worlds which is fine, and but few can stay in this condition long unless they understand the chemical relation of one atom to another."

He describes the way people seem all snarled up when they reach the borderland after death and says: "It is astonishing to me that anybody ever unravels; they get so snarled up with streaks of belief and melancholy and fear and sin—I am told that in the seventh sphere, after we have conquered all the lower principles and become creatures of will, love, justice and mercy, that we also lose form."

He mentions that legs, arms, etc., are only needed for

lower worlds. "When we are controlled by mental action surely we would need no limbs. So I suppose God having arrived where He has control by mind through His thread of Law, has no need of shape. He sends His warm love by objects which His breath makes."

The Cobra by the Wayside

Around the life of the Buddha there are woven many anecdotes; the following is especially charming:

It is said that He saw a mangled cobra which was dying by the wayside and asked what the circumstances were that had brought it to such an unhappy end. The cobra replied that some rude boys had beaten him but, that he had not bitten them because the Lord had taught that one must return good for evil. The Buddha said that this was true, but that He thought there might have been no harm in hissing a little.

The Man in the Tawny Coat

Every university student should be familiar with the story of Anthony Dalaber, undergraduate of St. Alban's Hall in Oxford, which Froude introduced into his *History of England* from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*; it is the most vivid picture we have of university life in the early sixteenth century. Dalaber was one of a company of young men who were reading Lutheran books at Oxford. Wolsey, wishing to check this, had sent down orders in 1528 to arrest a certain Master Garret, who was abetting them in the dissemination of heresy. The Vice-Chancellor, who was the Rector of Lincoln, seized Dalaber and put him in the Stocks, but was too late for Garret, who had made off into Dorsetshire. He took counsel with the Warden of New College and with the Dean of Wolsey's new foundation, Cardinal College; and at length as they could find out nothing, being 'in extreme pensiveness' they determined to consult an astrologer. Such enquiries were forbidden by the law of the Church, and they were afraid; but there were more afraid of Wolsey. The man of science drew a figure upon the floor of his secret chamber, and made his calculations; at the end he reported that the fugitive was fled in a tawny coat to the South-east. The trembling officials hastily dispatched messengers to have the parts watched in Kent and Sussex, hoping that their transgression might at least be justified by success. They were successful; Master Garret *was* caught—trying to take ship at Bristol.

Allen's "Age of Erasmus."

Mysticism can therefore be defined as that form of devotional system which by an emancipation of the soul from its connection with this world strives after a substantial union with God; which union is attained by an immediate influence of God on the human soul, taking place when the soul concentrates itself on its innermost being *i. e.* at the point where its relationship with God can be experienced. The Constructive Quarterly.

A Letter from Australia

Sydney, Aust., August 28.

My dear Hotchner:—

Thank you for your letter of July 13th, and for your circular about THE CHANNEL. I shall be interested to see it when it appears. The fact that Mrs. Russak will edit it is sufficient guarantee that the contents will be interesting. I wonder if through its pages you can do anything to arouse the interest of Americans generally as to the question of the new sixth sub-race which is coming into existence among them. The type is quite clearly marked in some parts of the United States, and was visible even when I was there twelve years ago. I had supposed that it was only in America that it would arise, but on landing in the northern part of Australia a year ago I was surprised to see distinct traces of it here, so I have just concluded a series of four public lectures in which I have endeavored to call the attention of the Australians to this fact, and to indicate to them what duties are laid upon us here as well as in the States. I shall have these lectures printed as a pamphlet for circulation here, and we shall endeavor to get the news before as many people as possible. As soon as the pamphlet appears I will send a copy to you; perhaps you can announce it in your magazine, or even print some sort of abstract of it; for of course every word that I say about the duty of Australians under these circumstances is just as truly applicable to Americans. I do think that the matter of development of this new sub-race and the duties which it imposes upon those among whom it is taking place, ought to be promptly brought forward and emphasized.

Please give my affectionate regards to Mrs. Russak, and with all heartiest good wishes, believe me ever,

Yours most cordially,

C. W. Leadbeater.

The Call of the Sixth Root Race

By Marie Russak

On another page is printed a letter from Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, the eminent occultist, and many of our readers will be grateful for the points he gives concerning the new Race. In answer to his suggestion that The Channel help to arouse the interest of Americans so that they may aid by assuming the necessary responsibilities and duties, I gladly print part of some notes which I have made in the last two years as a result of my own efforts to understand what was needed. I regret that we cannot print more in this number concerning the pamphlet of which he writes but it has not yet arrived.

Students of occultism and some others know that the Aryan Root-Race was called the fifth and that thus far there have been five sub-races within it. They know also that America is now the cradle of a Race which is already born (in what is called the sixth sub-race) and which will gradually develop into the great sixth Root-Race of the future, that will populate the western part of this continent some hundreds of years hence.

We have in cosmopolitan America (as have also new countries such as Australia, New Zealand and perhaps others) the accumulated essence of the best qualities from all the nations of the sub-races of the fifth. Each nation has many of its people here and the intermarrying, association and social influence have brought into existence a new type which unifies the best qualities of them all.

So we are pioneers of the new Race and can help its progress in many ways, especially by training the younger generation of husbands and wives, and the children of today, who are to be the wives and husbands of the future. If they cultivate the qualities to be expressed in the new Race they will, by the very force of occult attraction, draw to them as children, egos of the special quality of the future that are waiting to be re-born to join us as pioneers of the future Race.

Many egos are being reincarnated at present that are showing *unusually* distinctive qualities and hosts of other

such are waiting to be born. The war has robbed thousands of splendid egos of their physical bodies and many of them also desire to be born here—many of their blood ancestors being already here—were there only more parents who sufficiently express the necessary qualities.

The Fifth Root Race as a whole was expected to perfect love and to develop intelligence to a very great perfection. The sixth is to add to these the quality of pure reason in unity. This is the ideal that is expected of the sixth Root Race—love and intelligence unified in reason, expressing ideal brotherhood. This sounds utopian perhaps, but this must not discourage us, since we must remember the absolute perfection described lies in a far distant future. All that is expected of us to-day is to cultivate and stimulate to more rapid growth in our characters the elements of it which have been developing during the last few centuries.

Although an American, the major parts of the past twenty-five years of my life have been spent in foreign travel and study. The first time I returned after some years of absence, the new type was so pronounced that I began to study it and make notes upon it. Once more, upon my return here after further years in Europe, it was so noticeable as to be unmistakable.

The new type shows itself very much in the children of the present time, especially here in California. Let us contrast the fifth Race intelligent child, with the greater humanitarian tendencies present in the sixth sub-race child.

A fifth-Race boy, when seen at play will be whittling inventions out of spools, tearing clocks and machinery to pieces "to see the wheels go round," building imaginary canals in a corner of his mother's pet flower garden. When some day you patronizingly ask him, "What are you going to be when you are a man", you will receive the astonishing answer, which was given me once, "As long as one can't be God, what's the use of being anything?" This demonstrates the ambition of the fifth Race man—to be the ultimate controlling mind in everything. At the photo-play you see the fifth Race child turning to watch the mechanism of the moving reel or studying the make-up of the pictures. His little whispers penetrate to you in the silence; "My! what a fine steam engine that is! How do you suppose they got that picture of that flying machine? Did you notice that

areoplane? It seems to have four wings instead of two as in the monplane. They must have taken separate films of those lions and the Christians and then put one over the other to make us think that the lions and the people were together," and many other such straws which their fifth Race breezy words blow our way. You will be passed on the boulevard by the fifth Race child with his own miniature motor car built by himself; and you will be startled to see school youths of the same evolutionary age, building wireless stations in the vacant lot next door that they may communicate with distant friends.

You will find if you watch for it, that the sixth subrace child also possesses a brilliant mind and creative genius, but with something else added to it. You will hear him remonstrating with his little brother for building canals in his mother's favorite flower bed, and then helping him to build another more permanent one near the well in the garden to carry rivulets of water to tiny lakes in which the little summer birds may bathe and drink. (Constructive also but humanitarian ideals.) When you ask him if he wants to be the President when he grows to be a man, he replies: "No, I want to make a dreadful lot of money myself, so that I can give summer outings to all the little poor children in the world." In one such case, his little eyes were dreamily resting on the orange he was dividing between himself and the other little ragamuffin, but his mind was lost in thoughts upon the ideal of making other little children happy. (The type of a social benefactor—money gained for self but only that it may be expended in bringing good to others.) When the sixth Race child goes to the photo-play, his whispering voice too may be heard; "Oh wouldn't I like to make a big flying machine like that and fly down and pick up a prisoner the soldiers are going to shoot, and take him away and hide him! I'd like to be able to lasso from my flying machine, that lion which is going to eat those people; then I'd fly way off with him and drop him on an island where he couldn't hurt anybody." (Type, unselfishly forgetting the delights of his own pleasure while offering aid to others.)

Any parents who find the majority of their children fifth Race-type, need not be troubled about it; let them be diligent instead. They will not be forced to expend so much effort on the sixth Race-type of child since all he

needs is the greatest sympathy and tender encouragement, as he gives forth his unselfishness and humanitarian ideals. But we must remember that the fifth Race-type must have these ideals *strongly inculcated* so that they may be encouraged and brought out or even implanted. But the sixth Race-type must be *stimulated* to express *courageously* what is natural to him. Every possible means that lies in an ocean of tenderness and love must be brought to bear on each. I emphasize this last thought since I am opposed to forceful methods that while punishing bring unhappiness. It is much better to appeal to the intelligence which is natural to both types. I think it is an occult crime to beat a child. Use love instead and if possible keep the new type of child away from companions of environment that will be inharmonious to his extremely sensitive tempermant.

A few words on the occult constitution of the child's vehicles may aid the parent to understand. During the first seven years the physical vehicle is forming itself into a natural mould for the child's future. Let everything possible be done to develop him into a perfectly healthy being. From seven to fourteen let there be added to the care of his pysique, the care of his emotional vehicle also. Give this an opportunity to form itself into a beautiful mould which shall serve as a storehouse for future desires when temptations and lower tendencies may try to assert themselves. Call out his love and admiration for beautiful things along the line of the sixth Race tendencies. From the age of fourteen to twenty-one the mental mould for the years to follow is forming. Make it a reservoir of thoughts pertaining to sixth Race ideals. The training of the physical, emotional and mental vehicles should begin from the earliest age possible, but the above suggestion should obtain in reference to the *predominant* effort that should be made at certain times.

If these things have been neglected during the earlier training of the adult, let him begin to work upon himself using these ideas as a guide. For if he will recognize his emotional and mental vehicles as things to be trained and controlled, each along its own line, in the same practical way that he cares for his physical body along its own lines, he will make rapid and definite occult progress.

Let us consider the fifth Race adult intelligence. The

type of the form and appearance is seen in Charles Dana Gibson's pen pictures of beautiful men and women. The tall supple form, high protruding forehead, wide brow, long straight nose, thin sensitive lips, broad cheek bones, square-set determined jaw and a general expression of brilliance and poise. Physical bodies are to be uncontaminated by alcohol, impure diet, or any other indulgences.

In the new Race the emotions of sexuality are transmuted and controlled alone by a pure impulse to create. Love is glorified and dons robes of such beauty and purity that it is worthy to wear the finishing touches of the jewels of tenderness, devotion and absolute unselfishness and sacrifice—giving everything, but asking nothing for itself.

The sixth Race intelligence will include the men and women of literary and inventive genius, scholars, teachers, scientists, lawyers, financiers, etc., of the fifth, but will transmute egotistical ambitions into ideals of a perfect altruism. Men and women will reverence the privileges of holy wedlock and parenthood. Their philanthropy and religion will be devoted to the perfection and unity required in the brotherhood of the Race of the future. To the woman is given the rare intuitional inceptive intelligence which should stimulate the man's volitional creative intelligence.

Wake up, wives and husbands of to-day! You are the future. Answer to the call of the new Race! Prepare yourselves and your children—the wives and husbands of the immediate future! The subtler world within is full of egos—remarkably fine ones waiting for rebirth. They are asking where they can find the ideal fathers and mothers whom they are calling to their assistance in their desire to possess the qualities for a wider future.

How many of the *perfected prototype* of the fifth Root Race can answer to the call to assist in realizing the *ideal archetype* of the sixth Root Race?

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